The

Vol. CLI. No. 1958

London January 4, 1939



TATLER

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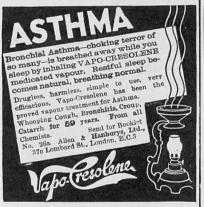
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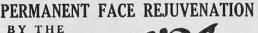
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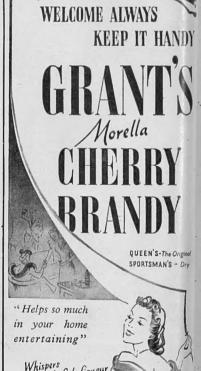
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LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

Tunbridge, Bruton Street

A recent portrait of the only daughter and only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, who has been helping her mother with the arrangements for the annual Peter Pan party, which happens at Claridge's on January 5, in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Marchioness of Cambridge is Chairman of the Committee, each member of which has, as ever, worked so hard to make things a success. Lady Mary Cambridge is a great-niece of H.M. Queen Mary, who has sent two prizes—one a model harbour and the other a doll

And the World said—



NEW YORK CHRISTMAS GAIETIES: EL MOROCCO VERSION

This snapshot at a renowned niterie has a British flavour contributed by Sir William Wrixon-Becher from Sussex, and the Hon. Mary ("Sally") Banbury, Lord Banbury's only sister. The third member of the party is Miss Ann Mitchell (centre) a very talented American girl who writes successful songs

HE first part of this article of the New Year will be mailed from New York. In view of the international importance attached to the royal visit, and of the forthcoming World's Fair, plus the stupendous San Francisco Exhibition, I believe you will welcome advance news of same, with light reflections on the

New York winter scene (where every second celebrity has come across) and further commentary from California and other places where the sun is reputed to shine. I also believe, selfishly speaking, in avoiding some of our winter; but winter sports in Switzerland, France and Italy, Riviera news and home chat will not be neglected on these pages. We shall continue trying to write a little of what you fancy, hoping it does you good. Nothing does me much good at the time of writing, except the prospect of dry land. But you must not accept those stories about the Queen Mary rolling and rolling. She rolls rather less than the Bremen and the Europa in a heavy sea, and everyone knows the Germans' steadiest were in the giant class until she rolled along. To be honest, the vibration is hard on the back teeth, especially in the Tourist (where life is more matey, more cheerful and, if possible, more comfortable than First), but the Purser, who ought to know, says you can't have everything you fancy AND get there in five days. He assures me she is moving along as well as up and down, and when I see the Statue of Liberty again I shall apologize as gracefully as possible for having entertained doubts. There is much activity from



LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE

A new head study of an inveterate traveller who gets off the beaten track for choice, and is first-rate at taking the rough with the smooth. Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt-Mackenzie, is some years the youngest of a family of three. Both her brothers, Lord Tarbat and the Hon. Walter Blunt-Mackenzie, are married, and the former occupies Castle Leod, the family place in Ross-shire



HOLLYWOOD BOUND

Michael Vyner, the Australian film star, aboard the Queen Mary, with a new contract in her luggage. Miss Vyner, christened Margaret but now known far and wide as Michael, is one of the most glamourized of today's girls, and made a lovely picture at the recent Beau Geste Ball

spelling bees to treasure hunts to lighten the sombre atmosphere created by a passenger list weighed down with German exiles. The main differences between Tourist and Cabin that I can see are more vibration chez nous and more ornate decoration in what used to be called First. The Cabin class public-rooms are higher, and there is more gilt for your money-too much for my taste. The best combined items are the square cream china, the menu and programme designs, the Zinkeisens' décor including their signature horses, and the red and green Tourist smokeroom which suggests tartan threatened by jazz; Highland Swing. Since Marshall Field

Harlip

No. 1958, JANUARY 4, 1939] THE TATLER

twice as enjoy-

able after reading brother

Agate on it. A woman said, as the lights went up: "The

odd, wasn't it?
—very clever,''
which I am

sending on a postcard to Mr.

Geneva, contains

whose

play,

dialogue

Shaw,

newest

went Tourist, celebrities have felt able to economize without loss of prestige. Actually, Ali Mackintosh was the first king of café society to "tour"; I remember him on the *Bremen* with his children four years ago. And did it make a story in class-conscious New York! Now one of the four daughters of Londonderry House, Lady Margaret Muntz, is Tourist, bound for the Middle West, then Mexico. She dined upstairs (no need to be nautical in a pitching hotel) with "Freddy" Lonsdale, whose lunch guest was that beautiful young Australian film actress, "Micky" Vyner, perhaps the most beautiful girl Australia has ever sent up. She travels with a movie contract in the pocket of grey flannel trousers. But most stars and their managers consider Cabin is their cup of caviare, so we find Lili Damita (who began in the Folies-Bergère), Robert Ritchie (who was engaged so long to Jeanette Macdonald) and Lee Ephraim (last sat next to at the Hulberts'

Liverpool opening where he led the laughs) treading pile carpets. Also in the top drawer are Mr. "Ambassador" Kennedy, who launches a thousand speeches with his smile; the honeymooning Iliffes (Renée Du Plessis) and the "Palmolive" Fosters (Barbara Newberry), who continue to beam like honey-mooners even at the bridge table where, whether he plays with or against his dancing partner, golfer "Bob" pays. A bridge story rolling round may be the first chestnut, but you can't stop me because I'm too far away. A deaf old lady has a mind which runson bridge. Her neighbour, making conversation at dinner, asked: "Have you any children?" She answered: "Sure, I had six to the king." The sport of kings (one of them) is represented by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort proceeding no doubt to the races at Hialeah Park, a location where Harry the



THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS

A new portrait of the former Mlle. Marianne de Malkhazouny, whose father, the late M. Iskender de Malkhazouny, was a Serbian diplomat. The beautiful Duchess of Leeds does her share of work for charitable undertakings and she is a member of the committee organizing the party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, to be held at

the May Fair Hotel next Tuesday, January 10

Horse and other characters are to be found in profusion, according Mr. D. Runyon, as well as flamingoes and the distinguished guests of Mr. Joseph Widener who appreciate the charms of Miami's exotic dirt track. The sound track on this ship is excellent whatever the weather the best moment of the day being the movie, the best movie of the week Pygmalion,



LADY MARGARET MUNTZ

Lord and Lady Londonderry's second daughter New York bound. Lady Margaret Muntz has been married since 1934. Her husband, Mr. Frederick Muntz, a kinsman of Captain Gerald Muntz, of Umberslade, and of Sub-Lieutenant Sir Gerard Muntz R.N., belongs to a family which originated in the Palatinate of Minsk and came to England towards the end of the eighteenth century

more topical political satire than a Rip revue, but now that Shaw is a G.O.M. the Censor seemingly winks.

I hear Paris under snow was rather a blow ('scuse poetry), but it did make Christmas there like a picture postcard with the Champs-

Elysées and Tuileries Gardens fairy-like in their white coating. Despite the fact that the streets and pavements were glassy all was warm and cosy at the Ritzafter a smooth train-ferry journey on to which three hours were added owing to the blizzard. Mrs. Walter Burns came over by the Dunkirk ferry with her mother, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, to spend Christmas at the Ritz en route to Cannes early in the New Year. Mrs. Burns wore the now fashionable raisin colour at lunch, and Lady Ribblesdale had a tiny toque and equally tiny muff of pale pink grèbe, that Victorian feather trimming which is often mistaken for fur. Lady Mendl, complete with two grey poodles, also wore a grèbe cap and the three sisters of King Zog of Albania looked Parisian in their fashionable headwear. Mrs. Stanley Smith, who has taken a flat in Carlton House Terrace, gave a lunch party every day, and Mrs. Simon Brand disported herself on foot in the slush wrapped in grey lamb from head to foot. Lady Dunedin was de passage waiting for her husband to arrive and go on to Switzerland, where she is a regular and a first-class skater. And so on to Monte Carlo, which is full of the usual English faces arriving daily on the Blue Train, each traveller with a more thrilling tale than the last about difficulties and delays caused by the snow. The Duke of Westminster was at the Christmas Eve Gala at the Sporting Club at which Miss Rachel Parsons had a big party with Lord and Lady Plender, Sir George and Lady



IN SWITZERLAND

The Hon. Ben Bathurst fixing his wife's skis at Corviglia Club preparatory to making a swift descent on St. Moritz, where they spent Christmas, staying at the Carlton. Lord Bledisloe's elder son is exceedingly well known on the Swiss snow slopes and numbers the Alpine amongst his clubs

And the World said -continued

Piggott and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour. Mrs. Balfour is a "sort of" cousin of the King, as her father, the late Colonel George FitzGeorge, was the son of the famous Duke of Cambridge by his morganatic

Cambridge by his morganatic wife, who preferred to lead a happy and quiet life at her house in Queen Street. And Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood preferred the Christmas night gala at the Hotel de Paris.

In spite of London's own skiing and tobogganing slopes at Hampstead which drew the crowds, St. Moritz has not lost favour and looks serene, scintillating and majestic simmering in the mid-day sun. In its twentieth-century garb it is a very different "cup of tea," one can't help musing (be comparisons ever so odious) from the little Upper Engadine village put on the map in the early sixteenth century by Paracelsus, the German physician who boosted its mineral springs and set about founding an "air colony" for the infirm. Also to the "San Murezzan," some two hundred years later, of that devout and learned Divine, Archdeacon William Coxe, who enthused in no uncertain manner in his journal about the magical powers of its efficacious chalybeate baths. Today's St. Moritz may have no Paracelsus or Archdeacon Coxe, but it still has its chalybeate (i.e., free carbonic acid) and its magic, and has since acquired the Badrutt's, Colonel Hans Bonn and glamour. So time marches on and when you focus upon these lines another New Year will have dawned and yet another St. Moritz season will be in full swing. At the moment of writing the mobilization of the merry

mob still continues apace, the atmosphere is almost suffocatingly festive and the snow lies as deep, crisp and even as ever Good King Wenceslas looked out on. Anxiety became acute when the dreaded *Foehn* wind disobligingly evaporated

the early December fall, and had it not been for the last minute blizzard which raged effectively for three days and nights a "green Christmas" would have been inevitable.

With scores of new arrivals disembarking from every train the speculation as to who's going to show up next, with whom, where from and, indeed, why, runs high. The Palace lounge echoes with "hullos," willing ears wilt under an eternity of fantastic travellers' tales ("six hours late and not a bite to eat, my dear") and a sea of familiar faces, not so familiar faces, amazing hats, familiar figures. unfamiliar figures and amazing mink coats keep cropping up in a seemingly ceaseless profusion. Heralded by an avalanche of wardrobe trunks Rosie Dolly Netcher with husband Irving are just "in"

MRS. NIGEL SEELY AND CHARLES

An attractive at home photograph of a promising "yearling" and his mother, who was Miss Isabella von Rieben before her marriage. Mr. Nigel Seely, youngest of the three sons of the late Sir Charles Seely, of Sherwood Lodge, Nottinghamshire and Brooke House, Isle of Wight, is in the reserve of the R.A.F. Auxiliary Air Force, in which his eldest brother. Sir Hugh Seely, M.P., is a Squadron-Leader

from Paris; Mrs. Gustave Porges, enthroned on her favourite crimson plush sofa, pours tea for Princess Christian of Hesse, passenger from Lausanne, ensconsed in a nearby corner; the Dukes of Alba and Sangro are in conference; Mrs. Florence Heaton and daughter Ninette get a welcome from the Henry

Martineaus; and a spruce Prince Andrew of Greece, monocle and all, gets a warm "how-do" from delighted intimates, while filmstar Jack Oakie, all the way from Hollywood viâ London, hurtles by unnoticed, and so it goes on.

Early Engadiners included Lady Milford Haven with son and daughter; the "Ben" Bathursts who commuted from London by air; the entire Harbord family; Mrs. "Liz" Govett, whose snow wear and enviable accessories are something to write home about; and Princess Aspasia with her tall, slim daughter Alexandra now a lovely girl of seventeen with a London début to look forward to in the summer. Inseparable and inde-fatigable, this neat-headed pair ski diligently all day long with only the briefest "leave offs" for nourishment. The "leading" men's team at the moment—alias the "Maginot Line" consists of D'Arcy "le capitaine" Rutherford; Giovanni Stagni, who plans to join "Chris" Mackintosh's contingent at Wengen early this month; Charles Oppenheim, who manages to crowd more "Abfahrts" from Corviglia into his day than most; Count Haugwitz-Revent-low; "Freddy" McEvoy (another just arrived") and the genial Vicomte Benoist d'Azy, the Corviglia Club's efficient new secretary. Among others who helped to swell the Yuletide crowd were Lord and Lady Melchett, the latter a frail but

ethereal invalid who is inhaling mountain air after her miraculous recovery from typhoid. Escorted by her two stalwart Etonian sons, Derek and Julian, and small daughter Karis, Lady Melchett is to be sighted most afternoons

making imperial progress through the village like some comely snow queen, snugly ensconced in a superlative four-horse sleigh. Additional "seen arounders" include Mrs. Claude Leigh, - whose flower-like loveliness, steals the limelight from the cakes during Hanselmann's tea hour. en famille at the Kulm with daughters Joyce and Virginia, at which same caravanserai Roland Robinson (the popular Member for Blackpool and husband of the former Maysie Gasque, co-Woolworth heiress with Countess Barbara) has registered along with small son Richard. When asked by his daddy on his first day out how he liked St. Moritz, this sturdy five-year-old piped: "I want to go home." When questioned why he retorted "Because my chin is cold."



AT LORD GLENAPP'S COMING OF AGE

Lord and Lady Inchcape and Mrs. H. J. Hewetson at Ballantrae Public Hall, in Ayrshire, where a dinner to tenants and employees of the Glenapp Castle estate formed part of the twenty-first birthday celebrations staged by Lord Inchcape for Lord Glenapp, his eldest son by his first marriage. Mrs. Hewetson is the wife of Lord Inchcape's factor

WAITING FOR THEM AT INGESTRE: ADMIRAL R. G. A. W. STAPLETON-COTTON

RECENT SHOOTING— —RECENT 'CHASING



TWO MORE FROZEN-UPS AT THE SHREWSBURY SHOOT:
MAJOR-GENERAL H. MAITLAND WILSON AND MISS
ELIZABETH LEVESON-GOWER

Photos: Truman Howell



MRS. STAPLETON-COTTON ACCOMPANIED THE GUNS



RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MAJOR R. R. MARTIN AND MRS. DENIS DALY



WELL KNOWN MEATH FOLLOWERS: MISS JOAN AND MISS MURIEL HILL-DILLON WITH MISS BETTINE COVENTRY



Photos: Poole, Dublin A SUCCESSFUL OWNER AND HIS WIFE: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF FINGALL

The top three photographs deal with Lord Shrewsbury's Arctic Christmas shoot at Ingestre, in Staffordshire, but despite the terrific cold a good bag was made. The host has recently become the proud possessor of a daughter, which naturally has caused great delight in the family circle. Among those who braved the elements were Admiral Stapleton-Cotton, who is Registrar and Secretary of the Order of the Bath; he retired from the Navy in 1928. General Wilson is G.O.C. Second Division at Aldershot and used to be in the Rifle Brigade. Mrs. Stapleton-Cotton, who joined the guns for a short time, is the wife of Admiral Stapleton-Cotton. The last three pictures were taken at Leopardstown during the St. Stephen's Day meeting. Mr. Harold Clarke achieved the impossible by organizing a staff of forty men, and clearing four miles of the course from a heavy fall of snow. Mr. V. A. Cartwright's Carriganore resisted the challenge of Colonel Hill-Dillon's Le Cygne and won the Christmas 'Chase by over two lengths. Mrs. Denis Daly and Major Martin were snapped in the stand; she is the wife of Captain Denis Daly, late 8th Hussars, a well-known Irish racehorse owner. Miss Joan and Miss Muriel Hill-Dillon are daughters of Colonel Hill-Dillon, who is a member of the Irish Turf Club and a prominent owner. Miss Bettine Coventry is a daughter of the Hon. Sir Reginald Coventry. Lord Fingall rode Mr. H. C. McNally's Royal Danieli to victory in the Ranelagh flat race. This horse almost won the National last year and will be a strong favourite for this year's race

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ELISABETH BERGNER AND RICHARD AINLEY IN "STOLEN LIFE" (PLAZA, JANUARY 18)

A gala performance of this film, which marks Elisabeth Bergner's return to the screen, will take place at the Plaza Theatre on January 18 at 8.45 p.m., and the proceeds will be devoted to Lord Baldwin's fund for refugees and the Women's Appeal Committee for German and Austrian women and children, of which organization Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild is the president. This film, which ranks amongst the biggest subjects on Paramount's British programme, has been adapted from the novel *Benes* by Margaret Kennedy. Miss Bergner doubles the part of two sisters

O pretend that The Citadel is a British picture is the purest humbug! In making this statement I am not offended by the fact that the company which presents this picture is American. I have no doubt that Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn, and Mr. Mayer are three charming gentlemen, whatever their nationality. Nor am I jealous of the fact that this picturization of a popular English novel should not be English. I just will not allow myself to claim English credit for what is essentially an American success. At this point the reader is asking himself whether I have lost my reason. He is saying: "The original story was lost my reason. He is saying: "The original story was English. The film was made in England, at Denham in Buckinghamshire to be precise. All the players except one are English, and the exception is the heroine, a part which in this case is not of great importance. How, then, can the picture be anything else but English?" The answer is contained in the Empire programme's four words, "Directed by King Vidor." Now the director of a picture is what, in the older art, we call the producer of a play. Readers must not be misled by the fact that this picture is also "produced by Victor Saville." The "producer" of a film has nothing whatever to do with directing the film. His function is to co-ordinate the various entities which make up a studio; he bears to the director the relationship that the Chief of Staff bears to the Commander-in-Chief.

The point to be made now is the difference in importance between the producer of a play and the director of a picture. Roughly I would say that the director of a picture is a hundred times more important. Say that someone is producing a stage-play with Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Edith Evans in The producer can order Mr. Gielgud to speak faster He can tell him to play with his watch-chain, or to stop playing with it. He can ask him to say this line with his back to the audience, and that line in profile. He can tell him to approach Miss Evans or to walk away from her. He can request that actress to arch her eyebrow a little more, to open her parasol with greater languor, or close it with greater vim. But he cannot change the viewpoint of the play. His camera, as it were, is always in the middle of the dress-circle. He has a scene which he can only change once every three-quarters of an hour, and a text by which he must abide. If Mr. Bronson Albery in possession of an English theatre should with his English money present, say The Rivals with these two English players as Jack Absolute

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"THE CITADEL"

and Lydia Languish, and engage M. Komisarjevsky to produce it, would I agree to call that an English production? My answer is a great deal of Yes, and very little No. But the director of a film is a very different matter. His function, if he is any good at all, is to do as little as possible the things the play-producer does, and to insist upon all the things the play-producer can't do. He can show us the watch-chain and eliminate Mr. Gielgud. He can make the parasol more eloquent than any actress if the actress were Miss Evans, Bernhardt, and Duse all put together. In a sense, a film is a picture in the aristocratic sense of the word. If a painter painting an English scene with English paints on an English canvas were a Pole, I should say that the picture was Polish. Similarly I say that the nationality of a film is the nationality of the film's director. I should say the same if the whole picture took place in the parlour of the Lord Mayor of London.

Having, then, made the nationality of *The Citadel* quite clear, I shall now say that were this a genuinely British film I should include it in the best half-dozen British pictures ever made. It tells a good story; it holds you despite its inordinate length; it is exceedingly well acted; and it has none of that nonsense about being a work of art which is so disturbing to British serenity. Reading the other day in a volume of essays by a little-known Australian writer I came across this passage: "Meredith and Henry James and Thomas Hardy were all recognized long ago as great artists; and, in fact, one sometimes questions whether nowadays we do not take the novel with a too portentous seriousness; one sighs, at times, for the good old days

of Dickens and Dumas when people didn't care whether the novelist was a 'great artist' or not, so long as he could tell a jolly yarn." Except that one would perhaps change "jolly" for "gloomy," this is a perfect description of *The Citadel*, which is first and foremost a yarn. In the sense in which Dr. Cronin's novel was one of the most readable yarns written since the War, the film version of it is intensely seeable.

And now I have to make a point so nice that I shall ask the reader to accord me a modicum of concentration! Dr. Cronin as a novelist possesses almost every gift except that of being able to manipulate words. His early book, Hatter's Castle, contains some of the worst writing known to reviewers. The writing in *The Citadel* has improved. It is no longer bad writing. But it is not yet good writing, because Dr. Cronin is either insensitive or indifferent to words. Words are his vehicle for telling a story, in the way that a tram is a vehicle for getting from one place to another. You cannot take a page out of *The Citadel* and say: "This is Cronin!" Similarly you cannot take a scene, or a sequence of scenes, out of the film and say: "This is King Vidor!" as you could in the case of Lubitsch or René Clair. In other words, the film is honest, straightforward photography of the novel's scenes and incidents, but has no distinct individuality as a piece of picture-making. And if one is not going to identify a picture with its director, I see very little point in identifying it with its director's nationality. Wherefore I withdraw my objection to calling this a British picture! It provides Mr. Robert Donat with the best part of his career and shows that good-looking young man to be that rarer thing, a good actor. vignettes are contributed by Mr. Ralph Richardson, Mr. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Francis Sullivan, Mr. Cecil Parker, Mr. Rex Harrison, and Miss Mary Clare, and there is an intelligent performance of the heroine by Miss Rosalind Russell. I do not fault the too comprehensive attack on Harley Street, because that was the essence of the book, and the picture must follow. But I do not quite understand why at the end of the picture we are left in doubt as to whether Dr. Manson is or is not to be struck off the register, since the novel makes his exculpation plain. Mr. Vidor cannot have thought that end would be known to all film-goers. Perhaps he relied on the fact that ninety-nine picture-goers out of a hundred arrive for the last ten minutes of the film and then see it round.

No. 1958, JANUARY 4, 1939] THE TATLER

WINTRY 'CHASING



PICKING 'EM? COMMANDER BENTINCK AND MRS. FAWCETT



MRS. STANLEY CLARKE

AT CHELTENHAM



MRS. MACPHERSON-LAURIE, SIR PETER GRANT LAWSON AND LORD WESTMORLAND



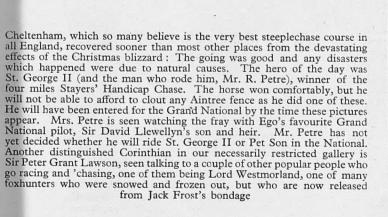
MRS. PETRE (WIFE OF THE HERO OF THE DAY) AND MR. LLEWELLYN



LORD AND LADY ASHLEY

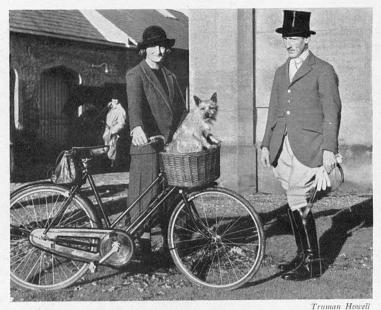


MR. JOHN C. SIMPSON AND MRS. GERALD WALKER





MRS. BARNEBY, SIR ANTHONY PALMER AND MISS DEAN



WITH THE WYNNSTAY AT OTELEY

Captain and Mrs. Brian Doughty-Wylie caught by the camera just before Mr. Watkin Williams-Wynn's hounds commenced operations. Captain Doughty-Wylie, who is a cousin of Lord Chelmsford, is a Royal Welch Fusilier and is a well-known point-to-point G.R. Mrs. Doughty-Wylie is a niece of Sir Frank Hollins

Leicestershire Letter.

EICESTERSHIRE is under five inches of snow as I write, but on Friday, December 16 and Saturday 17, there were two splendid days foxhunting before Sunday's fall. On Friday the Quorn met at Keyham and had three very good hunts, two of thirty-five minutes and one of forty-five minutes.

The first was from Scraptoft in a large left-handed circle heading first for Ingarsby, then for the golf course; swinging left again with Scraptoft Hall on the right, hounds crossed the brook and railway into Thurnby village. Here the fox was left in some gardens, hounds failing to pick him up. In this hunt hounds beat horses nearly the whole distance.

On the way to Botany Bay, a fox jumped up in the open and hounds again raced to Keyham village. Presumably he was headed, for he swung back to the Foxholes and was lost near Hungarton village.

The last hunt was from Botany Bay viâ Sludge Hall to ground in the Cottesmore Hills.

On Saturday, both the Cottesmore and the Belvoir had very good sport. The Belvoir seem to have derived the most amusement from their morning hunt, as many people, including the Master, got a ducking in a swollen stream that runs into the Smite near Colston Bassett. This was a very good hunt of something over an hour. For the first half-hour hounds ran very fast. From Kaye Wood they started as if for Harby then swung right-handed back past Hose Covert which they passed on their left. Continuing, with Kaye Wood well on their right, they passed into the South Notts country, through which they hunted nicely, eventually losing their fox near the Tythby-Cropwell Bishop Road. Subsequently, the flag was dropped for the usual Hose Thorns-Sherbrooke's scurry, and a return made at a more sedate pace.

An incident prompts this limerick:

A perky young man called Bill A . . . Broke a rule of the hunt with disaster, His "Rolls" gave no name, (Inside it, his flame), Followed slow, but went home a bit faster.

From the Fernie

It was a perishing cold day when hounds met at Goadby on Saturday, and situated on the top of high Leicestershire, no wonder our extremities suffered from the Arctic blast which pierced our armour. A good gallop from Hallaton Bottom warmed matters up a bit, the hills and dales of this country calling for exertion enough for both horse and rider, until our fox was caught at Stops Spinney after an hour's run. Continued good hunting behind a Glooston fox who took to the Hallaton and Moor Hill district was cut short by heading and our pilot escaped. With frost setting in, the Monday fixture for Saddington was cancelled, the first stop of this season. It may have come at an opportune time as

From the Shires and Provinces

stables are beginning to feel the strain and some of the horses are showing signs of the stress. Moreover, a Christmas break, if not too extended, is not amiss for the hunt staff who have done so well. Meantime, those with bucolic inclinations can find time to attend the fat stock shows and such like, and meet our good friends the farmers. A heavy snowfall has now set the seal on hunting, apparently for some time to come, so out with the skates and toboggans and make the best of the winter conditions while they last and which may ameliorate the disappointment to the young Nimrods and Dianas who are home for the holidays and have been looking forward to some happy days with hounds... Our versatile Master, Sir Julien Cahn, will entertain many at his home, Stanford Hall, where, in his wonderful theatre, a magician's entertainment will take place. Sir Julien is a no mean magician himself. (Sir Julien Cahn's resignation of the Fernie mastership was announced on December 28.)

From The Heythrop.

Hunting has been at a complete standstill for a whole week and each day of this awful week we have studied the weather forecasts in the papers, if and when they arrived, and glued our noses to the windows and our ears to the wireless for the slightest hope of signs of a break in the weather, but it has all been in vain. Thus we were brought face to face with the fox-hunter's nightmare of a white or Dickens of a Christmas: horses eating their heads off and unable to leave their stables, legs and livers swelling, stable taps all frozen, pipes bursting; a scene which may be a plumber's paradise but a fox-hunter's hell. The only note of optimism is the arrival of the hunting-card as usual: we make a hazard that next week's fixtures will be: Monday, Folded Arms; Wednesday, Over Eaten; Friday, Skiddy Cross Roads; Saturday, Black Bottom.

The Warwickshire

R ather a moderate week up to the Moreton Morrell Saturday, which put us most emphatically right with the world, and this time it was one of our "fashionable" Saturdays and a crowd to match. The "Buck" family, however, were all ready for them, the short form of drink seeming to find most favour on this dark easterly day. The majority inclined to gloomy prognostications because of the east wind, but "you wait" seemed to be the official slogan and it was so, for putting one of Gar's foxes on foot from Hell Hole and hunting him from covert to covert for over an hour they at least straightened his neck from Lighthorne Rough and running hard over some of the fairest of our old grass lands with, seemingly Ufton Wood for his point, they caught him after forty-five more minutes close to Ufton village, having made a seven-mile point in that time. The honours to Sylvia. When they rolled him over fair in the open, there was no one in front of her, and this was most promptly and handsomely recognized by the Masters with the brush. A touch of old-fashioned grace about all this, with the entirely orthodox and unruffled turn-out as befits the granddaughter of a great Master of Hounds and the sister of another, and she once more back to this country where most of her early fox-hunting was done. An agonizing few minutes on the railway just before they killed him, an express coming one way and a goods train the other. We might well have lost half the pack—not much else often keeps George and our two Masters out of the same field with hounds however they run. When shall we do it all again? Can't hardly get the horses out of the stable, or keep them on their feet if we do.

From Lincolnshire.

Severe frost and heavy falls of snow completely held up hunting over Christmas and thousands of foot-sloggers must have been sorely disappointed that there was no sport for them during the holidays—an unknown quantity for several seasons. Up to then, sport had been truly remarkable; indeed, no other word fits it! There had hardly been a bad day since hunting began, and the hall-mark of distinction frequently appears in the diary. Just before the arctic conditions set in the Blankney brought off an exceptionally fine gallop following their meet at Welbourn Hall. Finding at Lubbock's, they raced a fox to his doom in seventy minutes,



TWO WALLFLOWERS: THE HON. OLIVER BECKETT AND THE HON. CHARLES WOOD, M.P., M.F.H.

THE MIDDLETON HUNT TAKE THE FLOOR





LORD AND LADY FEVERSHAM LOOKING VERY PLEASED WITH LIFE

A HUNTING TRIO: MISS ENA ADAMS, M.F.H.,

MR. NORMAN ADAMS AND MR. CLIVE BRANFOOT



Photos: Howard Barrett

ANOTHER MIDDLETON GROUP: MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE, LORD GRIMTHORPE, M.F.H., MRS. MILLS, AND MR. R. F. WORMALD If it were said that this ball, held at Castle Howard, went as well as the Middleton Hounds (and maybe as quick), there would not be a word of a lie in it. Every one of the committee, Lady Grimthorpe and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood (the wives of the joint-Masters), with Mrs. A. K. Charlesworth and Miss Christian Howard earned a crown of laurels; and Miss M. Gibson had the assistance of Mrs. T. C. Gould Smith and Mrs. J. Ritson with the secretarial duties. Even the wounded forgot their hurts. Count André Zamoyski is a victim of a recent bumper with the Belvoir. He is in the group with Miss Christian Howard (the hostess), of Castle Howard. Other Masters who moved up in support were Lord Feversham (Sinnington), and Miss Ena Adams (South Wold)

(ON RIGHT): MISS CHRISTIAN HOWARD, COUNT ANDRÉ ZAMOYSKI, MRS. HUBERT-HOWARD, AND THE HON. NANCY EDEN, ALL OF THE SAME HOUSE-PARTY



TAKING A REST BETWEEN DANCES: MR. AND MRS. JOHN LANE-FOX AND MISS FELICITY LANE-FOX



THE HON. W. D. C. ORMSBY-GORE CAUGHT AT BREAKFAST

Lord Harlech's eldest son is up at New College, and the above meal seems rather an unkind time at which to be photographed. Lord Harlech succeeded to the title on the death of his father in May last year. Before that he held many Government posts, among them being Postmaster-General, First Commissioner of Works, and Secretary of State for the Colonies

the brave new world which their grandchildren were likely to inhabit. Nowadays most people, instead of piteously regarding that law, only too willingly conform to it. I don't in the least want to inhabit the world which my grand-children (if I had any) will

inherit. I don't, in fact, care in the least for the tag-end of my own inheritance. With everything universally so noisy, restless, unstable, and bad-tempered—like living in a gangster film and being uncertain of the happy ending—I have no regret that my blossoming (such as it was) will not occur in, say, 1999. I don't like states of transition. They resemble too much the discomfort of hanging on to the edges of precipices—and I don't like hanging on to edges. I like to feel the ground fairly solid beneath my feet. Then you really can begin to live a little more desirably than from day to day and from hand to mouth. You can savour more slowly the glory which should be life; certainly the loveliness which lies around you. You are not deafened and pestered by the screams of opposing factors, the ravaging of beauty for the sake of so-called utility, the debasing of the Arts for the sake of publicity, and the insidious but, alas! so necessary under the circumstances, march of totalitarian methods in order to preserve a semblance of its opposing idealism.

No wonder most of us, in the now too rare moments of life's quieter imagery, are, in imagination, "harking back"! It seems to be the only thing left unto us to keep us sane. Within myself I, anyway, have become a pronounced "back-harker." There doesn't

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

More Looking Back.

DON'T k n o w whether it be by reason of the number of New Year davs stretching behind me, the fact of the present state of the world politically, economically, socially and morally, but this I do know -my imagination scuttles back far more joyfully than it hopefully makes pictures of the future. Years ago it was considered almost a piteous law of Nature that those living would not be able to live in

LADY MARGARET HAWKINS, WITH

A portrait taken recently of the Duke of Buccleuch's and the Duchess of Gloucester's eldest sister. Lady Margaret Hawkins was married to Commander Geoffrey Hawkins in 1926. They have three children—one son and the two daughters seen above. Her youngest brother, Lord George Scott, was married a short time ago to Miss Molly Bishop

appear anything else to do in order to preserve a sense of life's proper proportions. Nor, apparently, am I the only one. There have been published more reminiscences of childhood and youth recently than during any period of writing and publishing which I remember. And almost invariably they have been popular books. With the authors we retrace the footprints of the years most willingly. Well, from the newspaper in the morning to the last news-bulletin at night—can you wonder?

Mr. Shane Leslie is the latest recruit to this nostalgic march backward. And a very welcome one, moreover. His autobiography, "The Film of Memory" (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is most interesting (I expected it to be delightfully written—and it is). In the beginning we float back with him to the 1890's and to a childhood mostly spent in Ireland. The Leslie clan were certainly a clan of defiant individuals. There was nothing "mushy" and indefinite about any of them. Perhaps the mushy and indefinite can't live with individuality; which was the reason why even those who served the author's family in his youth as domestic servants were all characters. (Anyway, most Irish people are characters; which, maybe, is one of the causes why England has never really understood Ireland. Characters always fail to conform to rules.) In any case, here is a delightful picture of Irish life forty-odd years ago. And of English life too; since the author and his brother were sent to Ludgrove, when that famous preparatory school was in its infancy and situated at Cockfosters—now "become a Tube terminus and the landscape seething with brick villas and the futile garden-life which gives many people the illusion they are living in the country."

But the real joy of the book is the numerous portraits it presents of dead and gone men and women, mostly relatives. Among so many, here, at any rate, are two whom I would like to have known: "London brought us into touch with certain great-aunts and great-uncles. Julia and Emily lived in complacent spinsterhood in Bourdon House, the Manor of the Grosvenor Estate. How they came to occupy

that green - umbraged omphalos of Mayfair, Heaven knows. Both had been disappointed or disappointing. Emily should have married the Lord Longford of the day and Julia had a long flirtation with Sir Edwin Landseer, whose love-letters remain in the family archives. Older and older maids they became, and Bourdon House was consecrated to virginity. Although they lived in the same house, the sisters seldom met. Their tastes and friendships were different. Julia affected the artistic and Emily the clerical. Through Emily I met the good Lord Halifax. She became very High Church and used to help Father Black make his public protests when divorced people were remarried in London churches. When the sisters gave simultaneous parties, their guests passed each other on the stairs without speaking and were received in different rooms. Julia died and Emily was left. . . . In her last years Emily was allowed to return to Glaslough. My grand-mother had boycotted all Leslie relatives, with dire results when wills came to be read. But Emily's testament was the only one I ever knew to come home. She was a good old soul and was only amused when we boys drove her in a donkeycart into the floods and abandoned her sitting helplessly behind a bogged donkey.'

Certainly there was always something disturbing or exciting (Continued on page 12)



LORD MILFORD HAVEN AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE OFF TO SKI

AT ST. MORITZ FOR CHRISTMAS



SLEIGHERS: LADY MELCHETT AND THE HON. KARIS MOND



A RINKSIDE GREETING BETWEEN MISS MEGAN TAYLOR AND COUNT HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW



MISS PRIMROSE HARBORD, FROM KIRK DEIGHTON HALL, IN YORKSHIRE



OUTSIDE THE PALACE HOTEL: MR. CHARLES OPPENHEIM AND MRS. LEONARD GOVETT



OUTSIDE THE KULM HOTEL: MISS JOYCE LEIGH, MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AND MR. R. ROBINSON, M.P.

St. Moritz was very full indeed for Christmas and much active exercise took place. Lady Melchett has had to go slow, of course, having not long recovered from typhoid, but enjoys taking the air by sleigh, and she and her only daughter were all set for Pontresina when photographed; the Melchetts and family of three are staying at the Palace Hotel. White-hooded wind-jackets are the thing (for examples, see Mrs. Claude Leigh and daughter, and Miss Primrose Harbord, who lately got engaged to Mr. Edward d'Abo), but Mrs. Leonard Govett wears what is reported as the newest fashion for crack ski-ers—black-and-white-checked jacket, scarlet hood, stout woollen stockings, and brief navy flannel skirt. Mr. Roland Robinson, who was staying at the Kulm Hotel, is Member for Blackpool. Princess Alexandra of Greece, daughter of the late King Alexander, goes winter-sporting most years, and had one or two ski-runs at Christmas with Lord Milford Haven, Midshipman, R.N. In preparation for forthcoming contests, world champion Miss Megan Taylor has been skimming spectacularly about St. Moritz ice; appreciative onlookers included Count Haugwitz-Reventlow

WITH SILENT FRIENDS-continued

happening in the author's family circle. I suppose that was inevitable (it is certainly enjoyable to read about) in a family which included numerous Leslies, Beresfords, Frewens, and had distant blood-"reverberations" in most parts of the Empire. Even when his grandfather had to be guided through the traffic of Manchester Square by an angelfaced page-boy whom my grandmother had discovered for him: "No one could have dreamed that the little page-boy would become celebrated as the murderer, Sidney Fox, and add a volume to the Famous Trials Series." Again the author's life at Eton, Cambridge, his early sojourns in Italy, Paris, and elsewhere—periods which can easily be of small interest except to those who have shared some of the writer's personal experiences—become as interesting and amusing as if you, too, had followed immediately in his footsteps.

Perhaps the first half of the autobiography is the best. The last part deals more with Irish politics and the then

Irish political figures—and few things can become so easily "dead" as bygone political controversies and political enemies. But always every paragraph is illuminated by some amusing and witty observation, so that to skip is a sheer impossibility. Moreover, the book ends on one of the strangest personal accounts of supernatural, or supernormal, phenomenon which surely has ever puzzled students of the occult, to say nothing of those who merely wait and jeer. I wish the book had been illustrated, however-all autobiographies should be so: the more photographs the better-but, nevertheless, so actual do the people who crowd its pages appear that you have not the least difficulty in visualising any of them.

Thoughts from "The Film of Memory."

"Education depends immensely on imagination. Hence the perennial failure of most of the public-school system. What is crammed and forcibly fed is of very little value. No knowledge is usefully acquired which is not pleasantly acquired."

"Children who have never seen toys and boys without organised games are easy to amuse."

"If churches are empty in London to-day it is the penalty for boring children." "Real desire is rare, but

it is as strong as destiny. Like destiny, desire may bring its own achievement but slay the achiever."

"No church can recover the working-men until the Gospel of St. Mark has been substituted for the gospel of Marx."

Choosing a Career.

What to do with our boys and girls is a persistent parental problem. A comparatively easy problem to solve when they show a decided bent for something or other, financially remunerative, long before they have left school But usually the trouble with school life is that it trains pupi for almost everything and for almost no one thing. In any case, so many boys and girls of school-leaving age give no hint of any striking potentiality for anything very much. That must be very trying for parents. For the simple reason that a boy may begin to study the law and then discover that his heart is in film-acting; or a girl, destined by the family to become a doctor, convinces the world, after large

sums have been spent upon her medical career, that she is at heart a cook. And sometimes—which is even more disturbing to parental emotions—their children's talents and ambitions point to a career for which their parents have only the vaguest idea concerning how to set about paving the preliminary pathway. I can well remember the dismay of my own father when he was suddenly faced by the problem of one of his sons who wanted to go on the stage—my father, who, so far as I can remember, had never once set foot in any theatre in his life!

For such problems as these, "What Shall I Be?" (Collins; 6s.), edited by Jocelyn Oliver, with a Foreword by Sir Malcolm Campbell, should provide admirable solutions. Especially in regard to the choosing of a career which demands a certain amount of capital as a start. Careers which demand little or no initial outlay are not difficult to begin training for, as a rule. Most others demand a certain guidance in the beginning. Hence the real value of this little book. Perhaps the articles on journalism and acting skip these

preliminaries too quickly and land their hopeful readers on the first lowly rung of the ladder—which usually is the most difficult rung of all to find when one is without influence or that outstanding talent which is, perhaps, the best influence of all. Nevertheless, these same articles are full of practical advice and of real encouragement, without being too deliberately persuasive. Happily, too, the information contained in this book does not cover only the ordinary professions.

M. Boulestin's contribution, for example, is one of the most exciting. It shows how fame and a certain fortune may come from nothing except courage and imagination, if, of course, the ability is there to back them up. Briefly, this is the kind of book

which wavering schoolboys and schoolgirls, about to be launched out into the world, will find an interesting and valuable guide, and their parents will be able to discover therein how best they may be of help in the fulfilment of their children's ambitions.



Photos.: Bassano
MRS. A. T. BARBER AND DAUGHTER
(INSET) MR. A. T. BARBER

If the daughter of this house had been a boy it is certain that cricket would have gained another crack, for her father is the famous Oxford University and Yorkshire cricketer. Ludgrove Preparatory School, Wokingham, Berkshire, is very lucky to have him as its partheadmaster. Incidentally, he coached Lord Lascelles and his brother—now both at Eton—when they were at Ludgrove. Miss Barber's name is Theodora and she is a quite recent arrival

Two Lovely Publications.

If you were one of those lucky playgoers who remember Mr.

John Gielgud's season of famous revivals at the Queen's Theatre during 1937-38, you will yearn above all else to possess such a souvenir of it as is presented by Mr. Gordon Anthony's collection of superb photographs, "John Gielgud" (Bles; 8s. 6d.), to which Michel Saint-Denis has contributed an admirably critical study of this great young actor. They show him in the rôles of Richard II., Shylock, Joseph Surface, and Colonel Vershinin in *The Three Sisters*, and as photographic studies in character they are truly remarkable.

graphic studies in character they are truly remarkable.

The second interesting and beautiful publication is
"Homage: A Book of Sculpture" (Bles; 30s.), by K. Scott
(Lady Kennet). Here you have a series of busts and symbolic statuary by this, one of the most famous and accomplished of living sculptors, to which Mr. Stephen Gwynn
has contributed a Commentary on each of the subjects. The
result is a volume of fine character-studies in both prose and
sculpture—each, so to speak, the complement of the other.
A lovely and mentally exciting book, beautifully produced.

DANCING-TIME AT CRANWELL



INCLUDING MRS. CRANCHAW, MISS RAMSAY, MRS. HODGES, MISS HODGES, MR. J. HODGES, FLT.-CADETS HORNER, HODGES AND ARNITSTEAD, AND MR. MOORE



FLT.-CADET BREESE, AIR VICE-MARSHAL BALDWIN, CRANWELL'S COMMANDANT, AND MRS. BALDWIN



AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR LONGMORE AND MISS DAVIS



FLIGHT-CADET TAYLOR AND LADY LONGMORE



GP.-CAPT. PANTER, MRS. CASSIDY, WING-COM. McCLOUGHRY

The end-of-Christmas-term Ball at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, was a very spirited affair, enjoyed alike by young and older. Air Vice-Marshal J. E. A. Baldwin, who received with Mrs. Baldwin, was appointed Commandant of Cranwell in December 1936, after being Director of Personal Services, Air Ministry; Wing-Commander E. J. Kingston-McCloughry is his second-in-command. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, ex-N.O., foxhunter and a D.L. for Lincolnshire, received a great welcome. Sir Arthur, Commandant of the Imperial Defence College since 1936, was in charge of Cranwell 1929-33; the Inland Area and Coastal Commands followed. Young aspirants to airworthiness made very efficient hosts at this agreeable party, and there was a good showing of pretty girls

ON RIGHT: MISS D. HIGGS, MISS CARR, CAPTAIN CARR, FLIGHT-CADET PHILIP CARR, MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER AND MRS. DUMAS



Photographs: Howard Barrett

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

It is sad to think that "Monty" is no longer with us. He was a great player in his day, and if the Championship Cup does not bear the name of R. H. de Montmorency, that is probably because he chose to be a schoolmaster rather than because he was not of the calibre of champions. I only knew him in the latter years of his life, but I am assured that, during his earlier days as a master at Eton, he must have won the Championship if his duties had not prevented him from entering. The accuracy of his play was astonishing, and its reliability a bye-word. He must have made fewer destructive shots than almost any amateur golfer in history. When I first came to know him, he was the terror of undergraduate players, whom he beat with unfailing regularity in club matches; they were always coming into the bar at Stoke Poges with sad tales of how they were three up with four to play, and had lost because "Monty" had holed out in one putt on each of the last four greens.

He taught modern languages at Eton, where he was a housemaster, and was fond of relating the eccentricities of the French master who preceded him. "Enough of this boozlebam!" the unfortunate man would cry, defenceless against an unmerciful barrage of taunts and frivolous questions. He lasted one term, or "half," as perhaps I should say. "Monty" arrived to succeed him, and the story goes that he sat in his form-room anxiously awaiting the coming of his pupils. No one turned up. Finally, a small boy put his head round the corner, retired in confusion, and announced to his colleagues in the corridor that it "wasn't old So-and-so at all." The story is worth relating for the fact that the small boy happened to be Sir Guy Campbell, who now designs golf-courses.

He is largely responsible for the latest alterations at Rye, which give the Club a number of new holes on the sea side of the big ridge of sandhills. I have seen them from the air, but look forward to a closer inspection during the meeting for the President's Putter, which begins to-morrow. If they attain the standard of the new short fourteenth, for which Sir Guy was wholly responsible, the Club will have nothing to complain about. I still look on this as being just about the best seaside short hole I have come across.

The Oxford and Cambridge Society was formed during the year of "Monty's" captaincy at Oxford. He was elected its president on the death of Horace Hutchinson in 1931, and was, I know, looking forward to attending next week's meeting. A very large entry has necessitated the playing

of a number of ties on Thursday afternoon, which is tiresome. A good deal of the golf will, I imagine, be unusually bad, since most of the field will be out of practice on account of the bad weather. For myself, I have not touched a club for seven weeks, so that for once the old, old story will be true. As a matter of fact, I have just been realising an ambition of long standing: I have been ski-ing on the Royal Eastbourne golf-course!

Last year there was some confusion at Rye, I believe, though I was not present myself, concerning the wiping of balls on the green. This year, at any rate, the draw sheet carries the words, ominously underlined in heavy black type: "Players may not wipe the ball on the green." Why not, I wonder? Rye—let us face it—is sometimes a very, very wet golf-course. None the less delightful for that.

but wet all the same. Why, last time I was there, you could have rowed a lifeboat across the fourth green. But tra-dition dies hard. Golf, they will tell you, originated by the sea, on links that were hard and dry, so there was no need to legislate for cleaning the ball on the green. Then the game spread to less suitable ground, and people soon came to realise that a slight break with tradition was a lesser evil than trying to putt with an oval ball, so they made local rules to cover the contingency. Some, it is true, by a process of mental reasoning that I have never been able to fathom, ruled that you could clean the ball only with your first putt, but that is another matter. The principle is generally now recognised in golf that, while it is desirable to play



THE ICE MARTINS' REVEL AT WESTMINSTER

The annual dance, skating session and dinner given by the Ice Martins took place recently at the Westminster Ice Rink. Among those seen, of whom there were a good few, were Major C. K. Hutchison and Mlle. Magda Imredy, daughter of the Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Major Hutchison was in the Coldstream before the war and was runner-up in the Amateur Golf Championship in 1909

PLEASE SIR,
THE EDITOR SAYS
WILL YOU PLEASE
TO GO TO
ANOTHER
GOLF CLUB
DINNER

TO wish You

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

From

(938)

"MEL'S" CHRISTMAS-CARD

As may be gathered from this celebrated cartoonist and caricaturist's Christmascard, his life is not altogether a bed of roses: in fact, it might be described as one damned dinner after another. At any rate, we all enjoy you very much and in our turn wish you a very Happy New Year

in places where mud does not collect on your ball, it is not always possible to do so, and that it is now in the spirit of the game to putt with a round ball, even at the cost of making an exception to the sacred rule that the ball shall be played wherever it lies. same principle applies to "suckers." A ball embedded in its pitch, per-haps in the middle of the green, was never a part of golf as it is meant to be played. If through no fault of my own—except perhaps that I have hit it well into the air with plenty of backspin—my ball is embedded in one of the Rye greens this week-end, may I not be spared the embarrassment of hacking up the green with my niblick?

A GOLFING SYMPOSIUM



THE LUCIFER GOLFING SOCIETY'S ANNUAL DINNER-BY "MEL"

The Lucifer Golfing Society, of which the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, was captain, held its annual dinner recently at the Savoy Hotel in London. During the dinner, the retiring captain, Mr. James H. Todd, handed over his insignia of office to the new captain, Sir Frank Bowater, the Lord Mayor of London. Many distinguished guests usually attend these dinners, and this year many well-known professional golfers were present. The success of this function is due in no small way to that very energetic gentleman, the honorary scribe, Mr. Carlton Levick

LORD SOMERLEYTON'S ATTRACTIVE "SNOW WHITE" PARTY



THE WICKED QUEEN—THE HON.
MARYE ROUS



THE INFAMOUS QUEEN AND POOR LITTLE "SNOW WHITE,"
THE HON, PENELOPE ROUS



"DOC"-LORD MICHAEL FITZROY



THE GALLANT PRINCE— THE HON. MARY CROSSLEY



KEITH ROUS VERY BUSY WITH HIS TEA



LADY SOMERLEYTON AND MARY ELIZABETH HOARE



ONE OF THE RABBITS:
ANNABELLA CARR

"Snow White," as we all know, was entirely the right word for any party round about Christmas, and this one happened just before the actual date at Somerleyton Hall, Lowestoft, the abode of the very kind host and hostess. It was an extremely alluring idea to make it a "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" party, as those people are nowadays extremely popular, and all the characters give plenty of scope. The guests, of whom there were swarms, were received by the younger son of the house, the Hon. Nicholas Crossley, aged six, seasonably accoutred in hunting kit. There were any number of Wicked Queens and Snow Whites, but we have only room for two of them at the moment—the daughters of Lord and Lady Dunwich and grand-daughters of Lord and Lady Stradbroke, who carried out the general idea very well. Their cousin, Keith, son of a hard polo-playing father, was one of the audience at any odd moment when he was not having tea. Another attractive onlooker is Lady Somerleyton's niece, Mary Elizabeth Hoare (rising five years), the youngest critic present. The gallant Prince, who told the wicked queen where she stepped off, was most admirably represented by Lord and Lady Somerleyton's only daughter, the Hon. Mary Crossley (vide the swashbuckling picture). The rest must speak for themselves, as we have no more room

SOME SQUIRRELS: CAROLINE AND DIANA BIRKBECK

No. 1958, January 4, 1939] THE TATLER



Lee Garmes, New Bond Street

THE HON. MRS. "TAFFY" RODD-A LADY OF MANY TALENTS

The beautiful wife of Lord Rennell's youngest son is a lady of many attainments, and is one of the few people in England who play the lute. One of these instruments was given to her by Professor Carl Clewing, who, incidentally, is a cousin of Field-Marshal Göring. The Professor said: "Eine dumme gans hat eier," the first letter of almost each word standing for a note on the instrument. Mrs. Rodd had her voice trained in Germany, and when her master suggested she should have stage experience, she presented herself to the Director of the Theatre in Der Behrenstrasse, and he immediately gave her the leading part in the Oscar Wilde play The Ideal Husband, and followed it by giving her the heroine's part in Mr. Noel Coward's Fallen Angels. Mr. "Taffy" Rodd is on the Stock Exchange, but used to be in the Navy, and Mrs. Rodd is a daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Marling

MISS ROSEMARY FORD AND MR. TONY LOWE AT THE DOCKLAND PAY PARTY



ARGUMENT? MR. J. LEVESON-GOWER AND LADY MARGARET OGILVIE



PAY PARTY WHICH

KATHLEEN, LADY DOMVILLE AND MR. RUDI STAMMERSBURG



SMILIN' THROUGH: MR. FRANCIS SANDILANDS AND MISS MINNA ROYDS



MR. "NATTY"
DAVIDSON AND
MISS SHELAGH
MORRISON - BELL,
THE HARD-WORKING ORGANISER



LORD REAY AND MRS. HALMA SCHRÖDER

A Pay Party is one at which you get nothing for nothing, but quite a packet for every sixpence you may decide to spend. The one that is pictorially advertised in these two pages was in aid of something for which everyone ought to give a "quid" for every sixpence he may think of "banging"—the Rotherhithe Dockland Settlement, an organisa-

tion which does a power of good in the right spot. It was held at 27B, Charles Street, and the hard-working lady upon whose capable shoulders all the organising fell was Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, the elder daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, she being a sister of Lord Powerscourt. Society's younger brigade backed this entertainment most heartily, as no doubt will be judged from the large assortment of enthusiasts appearing above and on the sister (and brother) page



MR. TEDDY PHILLIPS AND THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL



PAID VERY WELL



LORD PORTARLINGTON AND MISS MORE-MOLYNEUX



LADY CAROLYN HOWARD AND BARON JOHN SADOINE



MR. CHARLES HARDINGE AND MISS ELISABETH MONCREIFFE



LORD MILTON, MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY AND MR. INNES-KERR

It is, naturally, quite impossible to record the pedigrees and performances of every single person in this little gallery of people who backed up the Dockland Settlement Pay Party: neither

up the Dockland Settlement Pay Party; neither is this necessary, for most of them are the familiar friends of many. Even Lord Portarlington, who gets around and about as much as the next chap, needs no label; but it may be mentioned, incidentally, that the lady with whom he is seen in such animated conversation is the charming daughter of Mrs. Gwendoline More-Molyneux, of Loseley Park, Surrey. There were all sorts of diversions to be had (strictly on payment), and one of them was backgammon. Lady Carolyn Howard, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, is seen in one of our pictures vanquishing (we hope) an antagonist



MR. JACK MANBY AND MISS ROSA-LEEN FORBES IN A LULL



LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX AND MISS M. WALTON



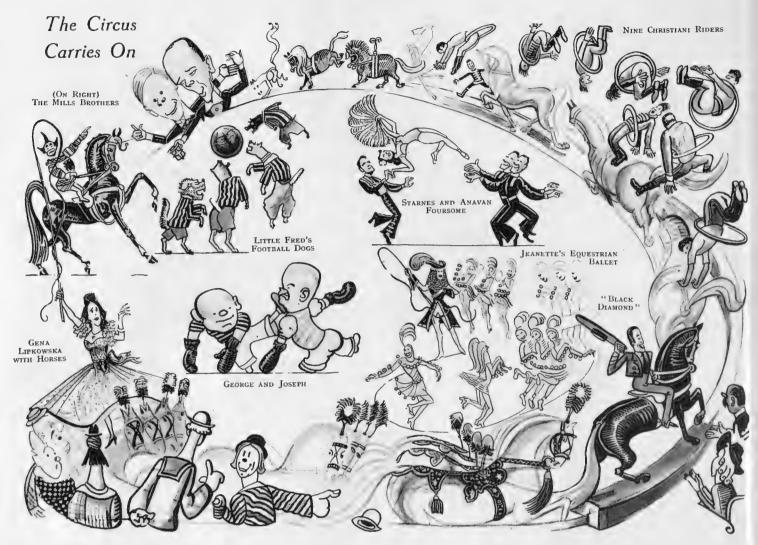
MR. RICHARD BLOW AND MISS DIANA BETHELL, WHO ARE ENGAGED



MRS. MICHAEL STRATTON AND MR. W. MIESEGAES

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

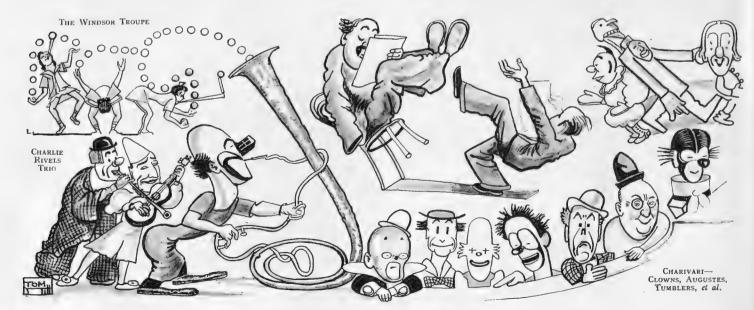


HE Mills Circus at Olympia again pleases all who like the best in circuses. It pleases in particular those who want plenty of first-class comic turns; those with an eye for graceful horse-acts, not offered in superfluity; those many who dote on sea-lions (now back in the bill, after two years of neglect); those who require from acrobats plenty of verve and virtuosity but no unlovely contortions; and those who prefer brisk, slick circuses, ending before the point where wonder wanes and weariness begins. It may disappoint those with a special taste for roaring tigers, half-hearted lions, and elephants playing sad cricket. Caring for none of these absent things, I have no

grievance and only one criticism. The stunt of pretending to fall from on high, with property shrieks just before the perfectly safe safety-rope ends the fall, has been overdone by now, though it still frightens a few: and it happens here in each of the only two aerial turns that make you crane the neck (one of these—the Four Queens—manages otherwise to be both dainty and thrilling).

to be both dainty and thrilling).

This time there is no marveelious novelty in the class of last year's Koringa, the female fakir to whom the impossible was no more than a walk in the snow. Instead, there is an outstanding average of excellence in the show at large. Perhaps the best critic of circuses would be a sixteen-year-old



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CONGRATULATIONS, BROTHER: CYRIL B. MILLS, BERNARD N. MILLS

boy who knows what he enjoys and can say why. The one I took to Olympia enjoyed all except two of the twenty-two acts. His favourite, he said, was the Charlie Chaplin bloke. For the great little Charlie Rivels is back at last, getting the hilarious worst of it in encounters with ladders, wires, sticks and swinging bars; tying himself in pathetic knots, now with ropes, now with his own shirt and trousers; for ever missing his chances at exactly the right moment. The boy admired him because he was so "gosh-goofy"; which is as good a reason as any. He laughed as furiously at the fantastics who later knocked each other silly, talked with musical instruments and became soda-water clowns instead of water-clowns. So did I; but then, the chief fantastic was, again, Charlie Rivels. He also liked, emphatically, the nine Christianis, who leap prodigiously, and even somersault backwards, from one curvetting horse on to another.

So did I. Also the new troop of lovely Liberty horses, who will sort themselves, unhelped, into their exact places in the cantering line, no matter how Mroczkowski mixes them up; and so did I. And the 7 Ortans, springers and triple-somersaulters extraordinary, and so did I. Also the football match by Little Fred's dogs; and so, evidently, did they. This turn by a dozen eager French bulldogs is, incidentally, a grand burlesque of human antics at football; just as the hip-swingers and foot-shufflers in cabaret are burlesqued by one of the sea-lions, and Hagenbeck's polar bears, given bottles containing something they relish, become the comic, ungainly caricature of a picnic-party. For the rest, the human clowns, augustes, tumblers, et al have been greatly gingered up. And though Bertram Mills himself has passed into circus history, his circus, as continued by the Mills Sons and Brothers, keeps and emphatically deserves its place as part of the London Year.

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MICHELINE CHERIEL AND DANIELLE Micheline Cheriel, the well-known French actress is in private life Mrs. John Loder, wife of the famous English film-actor. Baby Danielle has been named after her fairy godmother, the lovely Danielle Darrieux, who is now in the topmost branches of the film-tree

RÈS CHER,—The French aver that "La littérature ne nourrit pas son homme,' and there seems to be a certain amount of truth in the saying, for I fear that Jehan Rictus will not be the last of the poets to die, if not in an attic, at least in a dingy entresol. On the other hand, Parisian theatre-gossip writers (please do not hurt my feelings by suggesting that these have nothing to do with "literachure") are wined, dined and even lunched with tum-tum-wrecking frequency. The hundredth performance of M. Mauriac's Asmodée, which took place at the Comédie Française, was fêted, at midnight, with excellent champagne, superlative petits fours, and sandwiches that were almost worthy of Boulestin's signature. At the Théâtre de la Madeleine, Sacha Guitry gave a dinner-party to celebrate the cinquantième of Un Monde Fou. This was a small-and-early affair. contradiction with the title of his play and early for practical reasons, since it took place on the stage of

the theatre at 7.30, and the doings had to be cleared away by 9-0'clock, thus preventing any undesirable lingering over cigars and likker.

Though the monde was fou, it was not grand—in the numerous sense. Only three members of the company; two directors; four journalists (of which—like Jaqueline Delubac—I was not, for I will not drink even an author-actor's champagne unless I can say "thank you" with a pretty paragraph and mean it!). There was also Elvire Popesco, who arrived late, having already dined. She said she had mistaken the day, but I believe she knew all about it and feared the

Priscilla in Paris

worst—the "worst" being that the meal, in order to emphasise the craziness of the *monde fou*, was served topsy-turvy, beginning with the fruit salad (in other words, "garnished garbage") and ending with lobster à la Becque. On the same evening, at the Folies Bergère, where an all-night rehearsal of a gorgeous new revue—which will be showing by the time you get this—was taking place, there was a pleasant orgy of coffee, beer, doorsteps, sav'loys, and high-jinks-with-les-girls in the concierge's cubby-hole. This was one of those joyous affairs when one clicks cups with stars and stage-hands alike.

Seeing Gaby Morlay off to New York was an all-day job, since the luncheon (and what a luncheon!) took place on board the "Normandie," at the Havre, and we had to hop on the autorail bright and early in order to steal a march on the usual boat-train. Gaby had arrived the evening before, and we had a quiet and happy time together before the crowd rolled up. Breaking all laws in the true Gallic spirit, they opened the bar for us while we were still in harbour, and we drank to Gaby in cocktails and fruit-juice. Lunch was in the huge dining-room. Quiet, except for the occasional flash and click of a camera. Happy, except for the sweet sorrow that we feel when Gaby goes on tour. Besides, there is always a vein of melancholy in the departure of a great ship, even when that ship is the "Normandie," and represents the exciting, but quickly nauseating, limit of luxury dorésur-tranche, with great bunches of fresh white lilac on every table, and azaleas—to say nothing of tiger-lilies—growing

in the winter garden with the same luxuriance as the weeds on my tennis court Noirmoutier. Robert Trébor, the manager of the Théâtre de la Madeleine, where Gaby Morlay has had so many triumphs, engineered this party, and, since he is persona grata with the Admiral of the Fleet, the Commander of the Line, the Lord High Cockolorum or whoever it is who puts the "trans" into the "Atlantic" and calls the result "Normandie," he pulled a fast one on us by keeping us busy with coffee, good stories, Gaby's charming smile and pluperfect smokes, till the great ship began to move away from the quay. There was an anxious moment while we grinned uneasily and thought of stowaways and Ellis Island. Then Robert took pity on us and explained that he was taking us back on the "Minotaur" with the pilot.

While I was on the "Normandie," where I lost myself half-a-dozen times, I knew the ship was big, but it was only when I stood aboard the pilot's tug and watched the great vessel move grandly away from us into the gathering dusk that I realised quite how big it was, and how tiny and lost our great little Gaby could look as she waved to

us from high above on the boat deck. Stowaway or not, at that moment I ardently wished I could have gone with her—even though it would have meant missing the première of the revival of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which is now going into the repertory of the Comédie Française. I can remember the first "run" of *L'Aiglon*, with Sarah Bernhardt, which was something that stirred my small schoolgirl heart and soul as never they had been stirred before, but *Cyrano* was before my theatre-going days, and, curiously enough, in all these long, long years—more than forty of 'em!—I have never seen it played. I am wondering how I shall bear it.—Priscilla.



DORIS NILES AND SERGE LESLIE IN "AU FIL DE L'EAU"
This scene was one of the biggest, if not the biggest, successes of the dance recital, given recently by this very talented couple at the Salle Pleyel, in Paris. At the end of their season there they proceed on a European tour, visiting all the principal cities

STOP HERE



MR. AND MRS. E. D. SPRATT-AND SKIS



SIGNOR GIOVANNI NAZI



COMMANDER AND MRS. J. C. DAVIS



RESTING BY THE WAY: MISS LILO AND MR. BOBBY SCHWARTZENBACH



MR. H. E. ODELL AT BANCHETTA



CAPTAIN SIR PHILIP BOWYER-SMITH, R.N.



MR. R. WHITE, MARCHESA FRACASSI DI TORRE ROSSANO, AND SIGNOR CIOCHINO

Sestriere, the wonder snow-place in the Italian Alps, had a huge influx of visitors round about Christmas, all eager to exercise their skis. Signor Giovanni Nazi, president of the Ski Club, and very much a regular, has a family link with so-popular Sestriere, being the nephew of the man who built it, Signor Agnelli, the Italian industrialist and motor-car magnate. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Spratt, who fly to Kenya in their own 'plane this month, arrived in fine fettle from Sussex. From much nearer Zürich came Miss Lilo and Mr. Bobby Schwartzenbach, the well-known American ski-ers; they were members of the United States F.I.S. team of 1935. Driving fast cars at Brooklands is Commander J. C. Davis's at-home hobby, and mountaineer Mr. H. E. Odell achieved fame as one of those brave spirits who have tried to conquer apparently unconquerable Everest. Blanchetta, where Mr. Odell had his picture taken, is connected to Sestriere by an overhead cable railway, and to most people seems pretty high at nearly 8000 feet; nothing to him though, of course! Captain Sir Philip Bowyer-Smith, fourteenth Baronet, is our new Naval Attaché in Rome. Mr. Rory White and Signor Bibo Ciochino (grandson of the late General Lequio, who commanded an Italian Army Corps in the Great War) were both members of the Italian team which recently had a ski speed-contest with a combined Oxford and Cambridge; England, for once, won

MR. M. V. COURAGE, MISS KATHLEEN BEATTY AND COMDR. ROGERSON AT THE H.H. BALL



Truman Howell
AT THE ROYAL SALOP INFIRMARY
BALL AT SHREWSBURY: MR. M.

SOWERBY AND MRS. C. SWIRE On the same night that Hampshire, plus visitors, was Hunt Ball-ing at Winchester, Shropshire foregathered at the Music Hall of its county town to dance for the benefit of the Royal Salop Infirmary. Mrs. Swire, whom the camera fired at when she was talking to Mr. M. Sowerby, Shropshire Yeoman, is the wife of the C.O. The Royals, Lt.-Colonel C. G. W. Swire; she and her husband were staying with his parents at Longden Manor, not far from Shrewsbury. Lt.-Colonel W. W. Hayes (see right), whose house, Harcourt, is also in the Shrewsbury neighbourhood, commands the Shropshire Yeomanry, used to be in the 16th Lancers, and had the North Shropshire for a couple of seasons. Captain E. N. Thursby, K.S.L.I., goes to the West Indies with his Battalion (the 2nd) this month; he is the late Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby's son

MORE DANCING DATES

The Hampshire Hunt Club and Royal Salop Infirmary Balls



ALSO AT THE H.H. BALL: MR. MONTAGU LOWRY-CORRY AND LADY SMILEY

The Guildhall, Winchester, was where the Hampshire Hunt Club had their Ball, and a rare good one it was. The joint-Masters, Mr. George Evans and Lt.-Colonel Miles Courage, with their wives in support, naturally headed the list of guest-bringers, and see top left for some members of the Preston House party; Mr. M. V. Courage ("Bay" to his heaps of friends) is Colonel Courage's son, and Miss Beatty is Mrs. Courage's niece. Lady Smiley, the former Miss Nancy Beaton, and Miss Iremonger were two very successful wearers of crinolines



MRS. A. N. FIELDEN AND LT.-COLONEL W. W. HAYES, ALSO AT SHREWSBURY



MORE H.H.: LT.-COMDR. CAMPBELL

AND MISS DELICIA IREMONGER

CAPTAIN THURSBY LIGHTS MISS
DIANA BLACK'S CIGARETTE

THE TATLER



Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S.

MADAME VINCENT PARAVICINI-INTERVIEWED PICTORIALLY

The camera's tour of 15, Wilton Street, where lives the daughter-in-law of H.E. the Swiss Minister, was devised with taste and discretion, as may perhaps be acknowledged. Madame Vincent Paravicini is the former Miss Lisa Maugham, daughter of the renowned dramatist and of Mrs. Syrrie Maugham, who was incidentally responsible for the charmingly decorated cocktail bar seen in one of these pictures. Mrs. Syrrie Maugham, as many know, is an adept at that sort of thing, and has an interior decorating business of her own. The son and heir, Nicholas, is naturally the most important item in this collection. He arrived just six months ago. The Sealyham lady answers to the name of Tessa—the books and the gramophone records speak for themselves, and the ocean liner indicates Madame Paravicini's love of travel, as also does the motor

THE STARS A HAPPY



ROBERT YOUNG TAKES A DANCING LESSON FROM ELEANOR POWELL



JOYCE MATTHEWS, A RISING STAR IN THE PARAMOUNT FIRMAMENT



A POST-OPERA PARTY IN HOLLYWOOD: CONRAD NAGLE, JOAN FONTAINE AND EDWARD G. ROBINSON



A LOVELY HOT-HOUSE FLOWER: MARLENE DIETRICH EN ROUTE TO AMERICA

FOUR LOVELIES FROM ABROAD": NORA GAL MARION WELDON AN

Our Hollywood portrait gal old and some new friends, doings. Robert Young, s Band and The Shining Hou lessons from that great ex are going to see a bit of Jo as Paramount have just new pictures. If 1939 is 1 these lovely sponsors from make out that it is, well Madeleine Carroll plays t mount's new picture, Caf of production. We have about Tyrone Power and here is he with a very of Arleen Whelan. He with the title of Jesse Ja old tough guy friend aga many bouquets for his Clitterhouse. Joan Fonts about America's Military of West Point. Marlene very appropriate setting, flowers. She was, in fact Europe, and the scene Grey, rather scantily attir a Happy New Year. Jos Follies, escaped for a mo Morgan, who has been Remember

WISH YOU NEW YEAR



ARTISTS AND MODELS HARRIETT HADDON, JOYCE MATTHEWS y this week consists of some with something about their of Alexander's Rag-Time was caught taking dancing ert, Eleanor Powell. You e Matthews in the future, med her up for a lot of lly going to be as bright as Artists and Models Abroad here is no need to worry. spoilt rich girl in Para-Society, now in the course een hearing a lot recently ne lady of his heart; well, arming lady in the shape starring in a bandit film Edward G., who got so thing in The Amazing Dr.

te is playing in a film cademy, called *The Duke* betrich was snapped in a ll orchids and hot-house eturning to America from s on the boat. Virginia for the snow, wishes you Crawford, who is in *Ice*

ent to go and see Frank

ansferred to the cast of

MADELEINE CARROLL, THE LOVELY STAR OF "CAFÉ SOCIETY"



AT A RECENT HOLLYWOOD PRE-VIEW: TYRONE POWER AND ARLEEN WHELAN



VIRGINIA GREY AND BUCK WISH YOU ALL THE BEST FOR 1939



JOAN CRAWFORD AND FRANK MORGAN GET TOGETHER WHEN OFF DUTY

o-morrow -27 THE TATLER [No. 1958, JANUARY 4, 1939



THE MIDDLETON'S AFTER-THE-BALL MEET AT KIRKHAM HALL A DAY WHEN ALL WAS SMILING AND GAY



THE COTTESMORE COMING AWAY FROM LODDINGTON VILLAGE

Both these pictures were taken before the Big Freeze which made England much colder than Iceland. In the Cottesmore one, many people found the bed of the little stream better going than the bank. In the forefront of the picture is Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Lord and Lady Ancaster's younger daughter, who, like most of the family, is very well known with these hounds. As to the Middleton picture, a famous authority has said that "The man what does much dancin' won't do much fox 'untin' "—but it was disproved on that particular occasion, as everyone felt like going, even after the hunt ball. The Middleton Masters are Lord Grimthorpe and the Hon. Charles Wood; W. Gupwell is the huntsman, and has Joe Wright and Charles Wilkins turning hounds to him





H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS AND LADY ERSKINE AND THE STAFF

Left to right: (seated) Mrs. Bryant, Major T. F. Kelly, O.B.E., Military Secretary, Mrs. Morrison. H.E. the Lord Erskine, C.C.I.E., the Lady Marjorie Erskine, Mr. T. G. Rutherford, C.I.E., I.C.S., Governor's Secretary, Mrs. Johnstone, Lieut.-Col. C. C. Morrison, Commandant, H.E., the Governor's Bodyguard; (standing) Captain S. J. Cuthbert, A.D.C., Major G. H. Cole, A.D.C., Miss Duckworth, Mr. W. T. Bryant, I.C.S., Private Secretary, Captain E. T. R. Jenyns, A.D.C., Captain G. T. A. Douglas, A.D.C., Risaldar Khub Singh, Indian A.D.C.

The above pictures were taken at Government House, Madras, which is at a place called Guindy, which some people have thought would be better if the "G" had been left out. However, electricity and the buzz-fan have transformed India. Even its "reddest" Presidency is bearable, and those who live in Madras loyally swear by it, in spite of the heat and, possibly, because salubrious Ooty (a good imitation of the Devon and Somerset country) is so adjacent. Lord Erskine, who is Lord Mar and Kellie's son and heir and is in the Scots Guards (R. of O.), was appointed Governor of Madras in 1934



ANOTHER 17th LANCER RECORD

This group is a record, because three of that immortal 17th Lancer polo team are in it. If Captain Herbert Turnor had been there, it would have made up the full side which set up a record in Inter-Regimental polo (India and England combined) never likely to be beaten. Of the three units in the picture, Lt.-Col. D. C. Boles afterwards commanded the Blues, Lt.-Col. T. P. Melvill and Lt. - Col. V. N. Lockett both commanded the regiment,

Melvill and Lt. - Col. V. N. Lockett both commanded the regiment, and both are ex-Internationals. The shoot was at Sedgeford Hall, Norfolk; the host Captain Henry Forester (late 17th L.) The actual list of names is: (l. to r.) Lt.-Col. D. C. Boles, Lt.-Col. T. P. Melvill, Lt. - Gen. Sir Bertie Fisher (formerly 17th) (hidden), the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Lt.-Col. V. N. Lockett, Captain Henry Forester (late 17th), Captain Ralli (late 10th H.) and Col. F. Hancock

Truman Howell

WITH SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S HOUNDS

In this group are: (left to right) Mrs. R. J. Campbell, Lady Lowther and Major R. Kearsley, D.S.O. Lady Lowther is the wife of the Deputy Master, Col. Sir Charles Lowther, a former Master' of the Pytchley. Mrs. Campbell is a former Master of the North Shropshire

S is only appropriate to this particular season of the year, there is manifested (in my own mail-bag) a revival of interest in bogeysor, as some call them, ghosts - and one letter in particular intrigues me. It is from the hardpunching little mariner who is Secretary to the Warwickshire Huntand he lives at Kineton. which, as many may know, is within earshot of where the very bloody battle of Edgehill was fought in 1642. In some more or less recent notes a reference was made to the current belief held in those parts that upon every 23rd of October, if you listen hard enough, you can hear the clash of the blades on the head-pieces and the war-cry of Rupert's far-too-brave cavalry as they hurled themselves on the rebel left, knocked it endways,

Pictures in the Fire

and then, overborne by the exuberance of their own impetuosity, carried the pursuit far beyond the bounds of prudence, and returned to find that the rest of the enemy army had made a very nasty mess of the Royalist host, and that the battle was lost. It was a fine cavalry attack which just missed fire. If it had not been pressed so far, the result might have been quite different.

Now for the Admiral. He says:
"It just happens that I have always felt a great interest about it all (this legend about the sounds of the battle being stored up somewhere in the air waves and being given back to us under certain favourable conditions). I have often either ridden or walked to where they are mostly buried—the Grave-Yard Coppice it is called. The old Willoughby de Broke, this present one's grandfather, always used to take his cap off when he put hounds in, as my father told me; was too young myself to notice, but if willing and wishing to bring them out of their graves could do it, I would have had converse with them many a time. I'm just back from there now, and a proper wild night it is. Hard by in the same field is where Bay Middleton was killed."

I think that some of Rupert's cavalry might have obliged the Admiral—but there is still time.

Edgehill, of course, is not the only battlefield which is held to be haunted. Go and make a few enquiries Bosworth way, near Sutton Ambion Covert. If ever any place ought to supply a few spectres, that is the place. It was in that wood



Holloway

AT THE 50th BATTN. NORTHAMPTON'S BALL IN NORTHAMPTON This unit is anti-aircraft R.E.s, and they had their ball in the Salon de Danse. In the picture are Colonel J. G. Lowther, M.F.H. (Pytchley), Mrs. H. N. Scott-Robson, wife of the Greys' former polo back, Brigadier A. S. M. Archibald, and Mrs. B. Falkner

By "SABRETACHE"

that Richard's cavalry got bogged—a disastrous circumstance, but for which the wicked King might have won.

If you are sufficiently interested, suggest "King Dick's Well" as a fairly likely spot. It was there that the G.O.C. (Richard III.) had his headquarters. It was there that he had that unpleasant dream (vide the despatches of William Shakespeare) the night before the fray: it was there, or not far off, that he had his horse killed under him and is supposed to have offered that high price for a remount; and the thorn-bush in which his crown was eventually found by Stanley will be shown to you by anyone in the Atherstone country. Richmond called him "a bloody dog"—and so he was, when they found him-cut to fiddlestrings. Good or bad as he may have been, Richard was a first-class fighting man. I suggest that I have indicated two quite likely finds for the ghosthunter; but there are plenty Catalogue and price-list on application to the under- (or over-) signed!

"Burke's Steerage," by T. H. White (Collins), I feel in my bones, is sure to be terribly popular with all hunters of the fox, especially with those who frequent a place he calls "Leicestersheer." For a taste:

"These hounds, although *The Tatler* and the *Sporting and Dramatic* are supposed to have offices at all their principal meets, are not well known to the average run of hunting people. They

should be referred to frequently, but the fact remains that they are not and need not be personally visited. Their procedure is twofold, either (as they manifest themselves to the vivid imaginations of sporting writers) to sail along all day over grass fields whose rather low but tricky hedges are 'flown' by the horses with scarcely any diminution of speed, or (as they are more liable to appear in real life) to come out to the meet in a leopard-skin coat and plenty of make-up, carrying in arms the latest baby, dandy dimmont, or other cute pet, there to be photographed by the agents sent down for that purpose and published the following week with a suitably intimate caption."



Hollosnav

ALSO AT THE 50th BATTALION NORTHAMPTON'S BALL

Another supper-time snapshot at this thoroughly successful "anti-aircraft demonstration," which took place in the City of Northampton. In the picture (left to right) are: Miss Mary Hobbs, Major H. W. Jackson, and Major A. St. G. Coldwell (O.C. Northampton's Depôt)



Carleton Mitchell

AT THE NEW EMERALD BEACH CLUB, NASSAU, BAHAMAS

The people in this picture were said to be looking seaward for the second coming of Columbus! Left to right: Sir Francis Peek, A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor, Sir Charles Dundas; Miss Brenda Frazier, and her mother, Mrs. Brenda Watriss, who is a daughter of Lady Williams-Taylor, of Eaton Square, London. Miss Brenda is one whom America calls "a socialite phenomenon," which possibly means that she is a very nice young creature to meet

The Syndicate shooters may also decide upon active operations other than against the birds for whose slaughter they syndicate. Read this:

"The Syndicate Shoot was begun in 1911 by a solicitor called Whistlefirst and a doctor called Beetle. As they were conscious of not being quite out of the top drawer, they were only too pleased when a retired colonel called Scarlett-Vermilion signified that it was his pleasure to honour them by joining in on payment of £25 a year, a sum which would reduce their own expenses of £100 each. Whistlefirst is still alive and pays his hundred pounds, but he is too old to shoot, and the syndicate can only send him a brace of pheasants now and then. Beetle took to his own drugs after being shot down twice by the colonel, and died in 1921." "There is only one keeper, an

"There is only one keeper, an ex-convict called Murder, and he inclined alternately to either party, in accordance with the amount of tips received. Since he has no particular master, but only eight divided ones who are constantly bribing or cajoling him in their own interests against those of their comrades, Murder charges for twice the number of pheasants he rears and sells half that number to the heirs of Colonel Scarlett-Vermilion on the adjoining shoot."



LADY FLOYD AND MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H.

The day the Cottesmore met at Somerby (all operations temporarily held up by frost, also by some snow). Lady Floyd is a daughter of Colonel John Gretton, chairman of the Cottesmore Hunt Committee. Mr. Hilton Green is the Cottesmore Master



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

N old Scottish widow was on her way to the churchyard to put flowers on the tombstones of her three late husbands. She met a man who had been a petitioner

for her hand in the past.

"Ah, three guid men," he said, with a sigh. "Ah, Jean, ma heart bleeds for ye."

"Awa' wi' ye and yer sympathy," she snapped. "Had ye ony spirit yer name wad be there as weel."

And so your name is George Washington?" said the old lady to the small coloured

"Yassum," was the reply.
"And do you try to be exactly like him, or as nearly as possible?'

Lak who?"

"Why, like George Washing-

"Ah kaint he'p bein' lak Jawg Washington, 'cause dat's who Ah is.



AMERICA'S GREATEST DANCERS-

Veloz and Yolanda, who are said to be the highest - paid and greatest dancers of all time. They made an all too brief appearance of four nights in December at Ciro's, where they received the extremely substantial fee of £500

They had only been married a few months, and were sitting down to their first Christmas dinner in their own home.

"Will you carve the turkey, dear?" she asked. "Of course," he replied.

"By the way, what is it stuffed with?"

"Oh, I didn't stuff it. There was no need — it wasn't hollow.'

The office-boy was a smart lad, and one day, after a particularly

bright action, he was summoned before the head of

the firm.
"You have done a good service, my boy," said the boss. "I am therefore increasing your wages by five shillings weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said the bright fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it, and to be a good servant to you and the firm.'

This reply amazed the chief as much as it pleased him. "That's the right spirit," he said. "In all the years I have been in business, no employee has ever thanked me as nicely as that. I will make the increase ten shillings. Now what do you say to that?'

The boy hesitated a moment, "Well, sir," he said at last, "would you mind if I said it again?



VELOZ AND YOLANDA IN ANOTHER POSE

-VELOZ AND YOLANDA

Nice work if you can get it, and apparently a "monkey" can be got. They certainly were a sight for tired eyes, and, judging by the applause they received from the large ground this sum does the large crowd, this sum does not appear to have been ex-cessive; and if you want the best you have got to pay for it

Pat had been brought before the judge on a petty offence. During his examination the judge asked: "Is there anyone in court who can vouch for

your good character?"
"Yes, your Honour,"
answered Pat, "there's the

The amazed sheriff stood

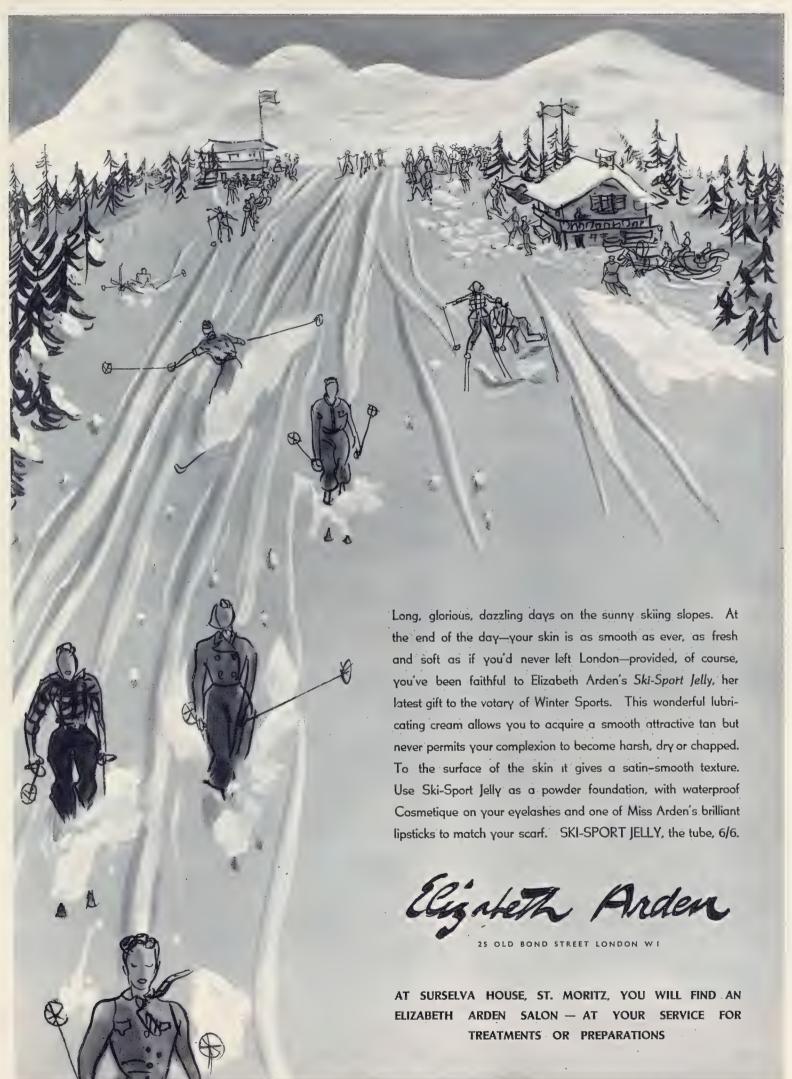
up. "Why, your Honour," he said, "I don't even know the man."
"There, ye see," said Pat,

with a triumphant smile, "Oi've lived in this country all my life and the sheriff doesn't know me yet. Ain't that a character for ye?'

wo dear old spinster sisters were left some money and decided to invest it in a poultry farm. They went to a market and bought fifty hens, coops, runs and such things. They then went to another market and asked for fifty cockerels, explaining that they were starting a poultry farm and already had fifty hens.

The dealer, as it happened, was a very honest man and saw that they were inexperienced. He told them that they did not need fifty cockerels for fifty hens.

One of the maiden ladies replied, with a sigh: "Ah, yes, so we 've been told, but from bitter experience we know what it is to be overlooked,'



FLIGHTS OF FANCY

The R.A.F makes merry at Boscombe Down



PIRATES DON'T CARE: MISS STURDEY AND FLIGHT LIEUT. ROBERTSON





MISS JOAN STRONG DANCING WITH PILOT OFFICER ROBIN

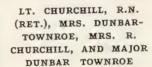


A GROUP INCLUDING MR. W. J. MALDEN, MRS. K. MERRITT, MISS K. B. JONES, MISS E. DAVIS, AND MR. PADFIELD



ONE FOR HIS NOB: FLIGHT LIEUT.
AND MRS. TWEEDIE

Geniality was very general at Boscombe Down, R.A.F. hosts and gratified guests being all in the finest heart. One of the best sartorial efforts was Flight Lieut. Tweedie's clown disguise; his wife went well as a South Sea Islander, and hits were also made by Pilot Officer G. Robin (Mexican), Lieut. Sharp, R.N. (Beachcomber), and Flight Lieut, and Mrs. J. C. Innes-Crump (Robin Hood and Maid Marian). Flying Officer G. L. C. Jenkins is Assistant Adjutant, No. 4 (Bomber) Group, Boscombe Down, which consists of the 88th, 150th, and 218th Squadrons



Officers of the R.A.F. Station at Boscombe Down, in Wiltshire, helped to ginger-up the seasonable good-will spirit by giving a capital fancy-dress dance there not long before Christmas. It will be observed that some of the reputedly fair didn't play so fair in the matter of dressingup, but the chaps made a great show at it





MISS STUART-WHITE AND FLYING OFFICER JENKINS



FLIGHT LIEUT. AND MRS.
INNES-CRUMP

GARARDS

By Special Appointment

Goldsmiths and Jewellers

to the Crown



PLYMOUTH UNITED RUGGER XV., WHO DREW WITH TOROUAY HARLEOUINS AT TOROUAY

As can be seen from the score, there was nothing to choose between the two teams. The Plymouth forwards may have been slightly faster than their opponents. Up to date, out of twelve matches played by Plymouth, eight have been won, three lost, and one drawn L. to r., standing: W. Gorrie, S. Davis, R. F. Jones, W. Burnett, C. Morris, R. Miller, A. L. Richards. Sitting: T. E. Irish, A. Gribble, R. Hobbs (captain), I. Williams, F. Self. On ground: A. J. McFadyean, S. E. Pawley, L. M. Rees

DEAR TATLER.

HESE are still the days of trial matches, though we are very near the end of them now. And a good job too, some people will say, for there are those who hold that there are too many of these games. Most of these grumblers, however, probably belong to the category of those who must find fault with the Selectors for some reason or other. But it is rather hard luck to blame the latter for taking too much trouble. There was time, not so long before the war, when they were accused of not trying a sufficient number of players. In those days much of the grousing came from the North, and far be it from me to say that their complaints were unjustified. That cannot be maintained this season, at any rate, for though the England team is still more or less in the making, there are signs that it will contain a very strong Northern contingent.

There was one good feature about the Bridgwater trial, which was so narrowly won by the Possibles, and that was the solitary example of the penalty goal. We have had far too many of these "spoil-sports"

during both the last season and the present one. It was a thoroughly well-contested game, full of bright running on a ground which was unexpectedly dry and firm. The im-pression the game left on most of the spectators was that this season there is plenty of speed in the three-quarter line, and that we are sure to have a couple of really fast wings. There, at least, the Selectors cannot go very far wrong, but whether they will be equally successful in getting the right pair of centres is still a moot point. One of the great successes of the game was, by common consent, the little scrum-half from Wakefield, J. Ellis, who seemed just as much at home behind either pack and established himself a firm favourite for the England side. Of the two stand-offs, T. A. Kemp was far the better player, and he and Ellis will have another run together.

Though everybody does not agree, there can be little doubt, I think, that there are some really good forwards available this season, and that the chief problem is going to be to get the most effective back row. C. L. Newton-Thompson, the Cantab, followed up his impressive success in the Varsity match by another sound display, thus giving the lie to various critical observers who hold it as an article of faith that it is entirely unsafe to trust to the form displayed in games between the rival Blues. T. F. Huskisson and he should make an almost ideal second row, and are apparently not likely to be disturbed. The only real criticism I have to offer is that R. A. Gerrard was called upon to fill the vacancy caused by the regrettable accident to G. W. Parker. Gerrard has done splendid

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

service for England and can look back upon a remarkable record, but he would be the first to admit that some of his speed has gone, and it did seem a pity that towards the end of a brilliant career he should be called upon to figure in a trial game from which there was not the remotest chance of his gaining another England cap.

The teams for the final trial to be played at Twickenham on Saturday next were awaited with considerable interest, even more so, perhaps, than usual. There are no particularly surprising choices. H. D. Freakes was the obvious selection at back, though it is by no means a certainty that he will have a walk-over against his opposite number, G. A. Hosking, of Birkenhead Those who are lucky enough to be at Twickenham should see a really fine exhibition of full-back



THE TORQUAY HARLEQUINS RUGGER XV., WHO MET PLYMOUTH UNITED

The Harlequins have, so far this season, played twelve matches, out of which they

have won seven, lost two, and drawn three.

L. to r., standing: K. Pemberton, M. Evans, G. Marshall, J. Forte, L. Peek, G. Staton, F. Crouch, P. Budd. Sitting: R. Phillips, B. Towell, W. Cloke (captain), C. Ratcliff, D. Harrer. On ground: E. Thomas, F. Cheshire

play, and it looks as if we should have no such disappointment as was our lot last season.

Of the England backs, J. Heaton is the only one who retains his place as at Bridgwater, and he looks to have made himself certain of the place in the team which he did not keep after 1935. With him in the centre, W. S. Kemble, of the Harlequins, will have many supporters from the South, and in the absence of any very strenuous competition he may keep his place in the final selection. No one can grumble at the choice of the two wings, or, for that matter, at the half-backs, to whom we have already alluded. J. Ellis especially will be the cynosure of all eyes, much to the surprise, perhaps, of some of his fellow Yorkshiremen, who do not appear to rate him as highly as some of the "foreign" critics. This is rather a habit of Yorkshiremen—witness the case of that brilliant right wing, L. A. Booth, of Headingly, who was always more highly esteemed in the South than he apparently was in the North.

With regard to the forwards, I see no point in the objection taken in some quarters to the substitution of W. O. Chadwick for H. B. Toft. Neither R. J. Longland nor H. W. Wheatley can have much to learn about Toft's methods, and why should they not have an opportunity to familiarise themselves with those of the Cambridge captain? At the moment of writing we do not know who is to have the vacant place in the back row, but the two at present selected will be most carefully watched, both by the Selectors and their

opposite numbers in the back row of the Rest.

This England...



Wrotham Hill-Kent

WHEN next you take your ways about the hills and fields, reflect that it is the labour of man that has given them their final beauty. No traveller two centuries ago could laud the lovely countryside; too many were the marshlands and the wastes, too frequent the unkempt, forbidding woods that harboured lawlessness. And do you know aught of survey work or drainage, of medicine or mechanics? These must a farmer understand as well as his soils, his beasts and his seeds if he is to serve the land well. Bear then with his complaints, and turn a courteous ear if only in gratitude for the pleasure his unceasing work has given—from the chine of beef you passed not by at luncheon to the barley for the Worthington that saved you from fatigue.



FOUR O'CLOCK

ARTHUR COOKE

FTER two years courting Joan, I was well acquainted with her aversion to losing touch with people and her passion for keeping in with people so it did not surprise me greatly when, within a week of our return from a very enjoyable honeymoon, she announced at breakfast one Sunday morning:

"Darling, we really must go and have tea with Aunt Mary. I'll 'phone her up now; perhaps she could have

us this afternoon.'

I acquiesced politely, not from any altruistic motives born of my recent wedding vows, but simply because I liked this particular relative of my wife's. Aunt Mary was old and had queer ideas about many things, but Aunt Mary was also very interesting, was very rich, and her husband, but lately demised, had thoughtfully left behind a cellar as worthy of veneration as the old gentleman himself. There was some particularly good sherry, which Aunt Mary apparently realised was far from wasted on myself, for she had sent round a couple of bottles on the day Joan and I arrived home. Besides which, the old lady had done her duty well at our wedding. Her nice fat cheque had, at the last moment, altered our honeymoon locality from Cornwall to Italy, a change which we should never regret, and which gave Aunt Mary a special place in our hearts.

A little later I heard my wife's telephone voice in the hall. Aunt Mary, it soon became apparent, would be delighted to see us.

I did not know this aunt of Joan's particularly well, hav-ing only met her twice once at a family teaparty and once at our wedding. I knew she was devoted to Joan, who, in return, gave the old lady of her charming and youthful companionship. James Markham, Aunt Mary's husband, had died eight months previous, after having spent a distinguished life disturbing the remains of many who had pre-deceased him by several thousands of years in Egypt. By his death, Egyptology had lost its greatest expert. Lady Markham, as was fitting in the wife of so eminent a man, was clever, a brilliant conversationalist, and with a charm which our grandparents, somehow, have failed to pass down to their children and grandchildren. I had heard so much in praise of Lady Markham, and had been so struck by the old lady's personality on the two occasions on which I had met her, that my

desire to become better acquainted was very genuine. There was also Aunt Mary's cat, a great big tom, so Joan had told me, and jet black all over. Tut-ankh-Amen was his name, which had, conveniently, but not very appropriately, been shortened to "Tutts."

At about three-thirty, then, Joan and I were ushered into the drawing-room of Lady Markham's house. It was a striking room, combining modern comfort with Victorian quaintness, and—another legacy from the same era—a fragrant aroma of lavender, which seemed to add a welcome coolness to its charm. Aunt Mary greeted us-Joan with obvious affection and myself with equally obvious curiosity. We sat down by large french windows which looked out, by way of a small conservatory, on to a well-stocked garden, showing a mass of colour in the afternoon sun.

We talked of Italy, doubtful concerning its administration but very certain on the question of its beauty. Then Joan wandered off on to a detailed description of our new house, but the old lady, perfect hostess that she was, cleverly piloted the conversation so that I should not be stranded on the reefs of boredom. This topic was interrupted by a very low-pitched and exceedingly dictatorial "miaou!" from the other side of the door. "That's Tutts!" Lady Markham remarked, and I arose and opened the door in some curiosity.

Tutts it was, and a larger cat I had never set eyes on outside a zoo. His whiskers would have done credit to the fiercest of retired Indian colonels, and his coat-one could hardly call it a furwas short, sleek and as shiny as that of a black panther. For just the fraction of a second this surprising creature stood in the doorway looking into the room, with long tail gracefully waving to and fro. Then, after honouring me with a special look of doubt, Tutts majestically entered and, leaping on to a chair beside his mistress, proceeded to indulge in a seemingly unnecessary toilet.

"You watch him when four o'clock strikes,"
Joan hissed in my ear.

"He's a great companion," Lady Markham told us. "I never cared for dogs, and Tutts has really been quite a comfort since my husband died. He and I understand each other. We neither of us like being fussed—Sir James was like that too; any kind of fuss or bother always upset him—so I never pet Tutts and he never jumps on to my lap or rubs himself against my stockings. (Continued on page 40)

MRS. ROBERT B. FOSTER, WIFE OF NOTED AMERICAN GOLFER Before her marriage, Mrs. Foster was Barbara Newberry, of the famous Ziegfeld Follies. She appeared with Laddie Cliff in *Love Laughs*, a few years ago, but now gives moral support to her husband in many amateur golf competitions. Her professional talent is only devoted to charitable occasions. Mr. Robert B. Foster is managing director of a well-known company



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FOUR O'CLOCK—(Continued from page 38)

So we talked a little more, this time about the wedding. until the clock on the mantelpiece suddenly chimed out the hour of four. On the first stroke of the clock, there was a discreet knock at the door, and a footman entered with silver tea-tray and cake-stands. At the same time Tutts slowly jumped down from his chair, stretched himself, front legs first and then back legs, walked leisurely to the french windows and through them across the conservatory into the

"You go and watch him," Joan suggested; so I followed the cat out of doors and, standing on the gravel path, watched his stately progress. Tutts was obviously a bit of a horticulturist, for he proceeded to do a grand tour of the flowerbeds. Over the main stretch of green turf he made his way, delicately but deliberately, stopping every now and then to inspect some special bloom, or to rub his face gently against the branch of some larger shrub. Once, I swear, he actually sniffed at a particularly fine red rose which hung down low over the grass. Right round the garden he went, over the smaller lawns and down the neatly swept and weeded paths. Occasionally he would pause, raise his fine head and delicately sniff the air, the while his tail swept slowly to and fro. Finally, the grand tour complete, he arrived back at the conservatory, entered with not so much as the most cursory glance at myself standing there, and climbed once more on to his chair in the drawing-room, where he again sat upright on his haunches surveying the Royal Worcester tea-service and bright silver tray.

"Every day at the same time he does exactly the same thing," Joan told me. "And if it is raining he just stands in the conservatory door

and inspects the garden from there."

"It's really a most remarkable animal phenomenon," the old lady added, "because, you see, my late husband exactly the same thing. It irritated him to see the footman fiddling about with cups and saucers, so when tea arrived, he always took a short stroll round his garden, of which he was very proud. One or two lumps?"

"Oh, I don't take sugar," I answered.

Well, of course, after that I could do nothing but look at that great tom as he sat on the chair. Apart from his size, there seemed nothing extraordinary about him. When Lady Markham put a saucer of milk on the floor he lapped it up the same as would any other cat, and his mistress assured us that he had an enormous appetite, and ate about as much meat a day as she did herself.

Back home again, my wife was full of Aunt Mary.

"She's such a quaint old thing, darling, and really awfully sweet. I do hope you and she will get along well, because she will want to see quite a lot of us, I know."

"She is quite the most interesting and entertaining old lady that I have ever met," I answered. "But what an extraordinary cat!"

"Oh, Tutts! Yes, it is rather queer about him, isn't

"" On, Tutts! Yes, it is rather queer about him, isn't it? You want to hear Aunt Mary on what some people say. She treats the thing as a great joke herself."

"Um—well, perhaps; but, after all, a coincidence like that does take some explaining away," I told her.

My wife laughed. "Gracious, darling, don't talk about coincidences. Why, do you know how long Aunt Mary has had that cat? And how she came by it?"

"No che didn't montion that"

No, she didn't mention that.'

"Well, Tutts just strolled into the house quite casually on the evening after Uncle James's funeral.' THE END.

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES-(Contd. from p. 8) From Lincolnshire—(continued).

never leaving the line and without touching a single covert from start to finish.

At Christmas every good foxhunter drinks a toast, so whether it be from a pint tankard at the village inn, or a priceless glass of old vintage port, it should be to "Foxhunting," coupled with the name of the Prime Minister, who championed the cause of peace, and without which we might now have been fighting instead of hunting! Good luck to him!

From the South Cheshire.

busy week of one thing and another has just passed, A busy week of one tiling and another has just a commencing with seventy-five minutes from Waverton, after meeting at Willington Hall, with hounds killing

their fox, making a brace

on the day.

Tuesday afternoon, from the Rookery over the Broomhall country into the vicinity of Wrenbury, more than saved a moderate morning; hounds again accounting for a fox earlier in the day.

On Wednesday night the Palatine Club dinner in honour of our joint-Masters accounted for a lot. May this be the first of many such meetings to be held by this famous club, whose name for so many years has been closely associated with hunting, polo, racing, cricket, etc. It may have changed its quarters recently, but some of the members do not seem to have lost the old-fashioned smoke-room tan."

Saturday, from Tattenhall village, provided three good hunts, and is undoubtedly the best day we have had this season. One only hopes the owners of Willington Hall, who so kindly let it be used for the Wire dance, enjoyed it as much as the rest of us.

The Bickley Smithy day, although a bit circular, was very good fun, provided one rode on the outer circle. Hounds appeared to run very fast. The present frost will now allow the district manager of the smallholdings sufficient time to repair his already extra-good work.



Elliott and Fry

H.H. THE PRINCESS BEATRIX TORLONIA-A RECENT PORTRAIT The Princess, the elder daughter of ex-King Alfonso and ex-Queen Ena of Spain has only recently returned to Rome from a visit to her mother. In 1935 Spain, has only recently returned to Rome from a visit to her mother. In 1935 she married Prince Alessandro Torlonia, Prince of Civetella Cesi, of Via Bocca, Rome, and there have been two children of the marriage

No. 1958, JANUARY 4, 1939] THE TATLER

"YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE INDISPENSABLE"



Suppose someone suggests a winter holiday in Egypt, a holiday of sunshine and colour and new and vivid experiences – a holiday in modern travelling comfort . . . What then?

Are you really indispensable?

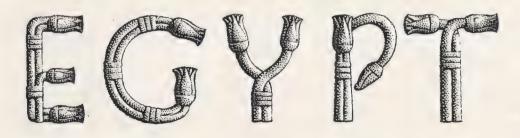
Think how fit you would be on your return

... Yet Egypt's climate is not its only attraction ... It is the Oriental setting, the native life which has changed little in three thousand

years, and the wonder of its past history which appeal so vividly to the visitor . . . The Valley of the Kings at Luxor, the great temples on the banks of the Nile, the bazaars and native life in Cairo, all these new sights mean change.

And Egypt is not expensive. Spare the time to visit Egypt – for if you go it will be the most successful holiday you have ever had ...

Think it over ... Plan ... Plan to go to Egypt.



The Egypt Information Bureau, 29 Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full particulars about Egypt.

ANNUAL R.A.F. BALL AT MONTROSE IN SCOTLAND

The Number Eight Flying Training School at Montrose gave their annual ball recently, which proved its usual success. Here is Group Captain H. V. Champion de Crespigny, O.C., dancing with the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Carnegie, daughter of Lord and Lady Blackburn and a niece of the Queen

Progress?

NCE upon a time there were green trees and green grass in Berkeley Square, and the light used to strike across the trees, making patterns on the grass. Now two high walls have arisen and the light which reaches the grass and trees is ill and enfeebled with its struggle towards the ground. And if one looks up at the patch of sky, from which the light comes, it will be seen to be gradually diminishing. It can no longer be much fun to be a tree in Berkeley Square! But the Air Ministry, some of whose departments are housed behind one of those immense prison walls, has had to grow. had to grow just like the Air Force itself. It has had to grow not because its growth is going directly to make anyone happier; but simply because there are men in Europe to-day who would

take away the liberty of the individual if they are not held in check by the knowledge that their force will be met by greater force. I think we can accept it that all this building-up of air armaments is evil. It is shutting out the light, imprisoning us away from the sun to slave in the making of military aeroplanes.

Obviously, the statesmen are to blame. They take the credit when a country is happy and prosperous, and they must take the blame when it is set to grind out its soul in the making of armaments. But at present it is no good apportioning the blame. The thing to do is to slave furiously until we have caught and surpassed the German builders of war machines. And I am confident that we can pass them. I have lately been discussing the position with some of our leading manufacturers, and I am glad to be able to report that we are beginning to catch up. It is not exactly cheerful news for the new year, but it is, at least, very comforting news.

AIR EDDIES OLIVER STEWART

For, remember, that our safety and, indeed, the chance of avoiding war, depend mainly—as I firmly believe—upon the Air Force. For a time we must live as slaves in the half-light; but if we work hard enough down there we may recover the right to live again in the freedom and the sunshine.

Freedom.

But even while we slave the Government could do something to make life a little more worth living by confining our slavery to the absolute necessities of defence and by freeing us as much as possible in other directions. If democracy fails in any respect to get support and to build up its air power it will be because it promises freedom but does not give it. The politicians think only of political freedom. But there are other kinds—more important to most of us—concerned with every-day life. At present there is too much of what the Germans correctly, if impolitely, have been calling the "governessy" attitude of our Government. It must be for ever meddling with our private lives—censoring, inspecting, licensing, forbidding, regulating. Yet it is exactly because we do not wish our private lives to be meddled with that we are ready to work and to fight for democracy.

Britain's effort in building up its Air Force would be greater and more whole-hearted if the Government paid the people the compliment of giving them their freedom; of making them, in fact, as free as they appear to be in the speeches of ministers. Meddling and spying and interfering do not build up that united will to out-produce the aggressive countries that is needed

at the present moment. But freedom will produce it, because each individual then knows that he is working for himself and his own hearth.

Stratosphere Flying.

While all this military effort is being put forth, there is, thank goodness, still a little work going on in commercial flying. Stratosphere flying is still being sneered at by some people, who ought to know better, as a useless amusement. Actually it is almost certain that the long-distance lines of the future will work in the stratosphere or thereabouts; and I notice now that the Germans have worked out an ingenious form of pressure-cabin and, for the pilots, a form of pressure-cupola. This cupola is of transparent material and forms the nose of the aeroplane. It is double-skinned, and, between the two skins, gas is introduced under pressure. The pressure helps to maintain the shape.

The French, in an Amiot, were the first to introduce the transparent cupola for housing the pilot. It enables the shape of the aeroplane's nose to conform to the demands of streamlining, and, when the transparent material can be made to meet the structural requirements, it gives good outlook. But transparent materials have, so far, proved difficult to work into this shape without causing distortion to the view when the pilot looks through the curved

surfaces. It may be that the Germans have overcome this difficulty, and it will be interesting to watch their developments. At any rate, they seem to be well on the way towards a really satisfactory pressure-cabin for high flying.



A FEW MORE OF THOSE PRESENT AT THE DANCE
The above is a quartet of Squadron Leaders who are members
of the teaching staff at Montrose. Reading from left to right
are: Squadron Leader S. L. Blunt, Squadron Leader Mackenzie,
Squadron Leader Thomson, and Squadron Leader Barling,
Station Medical Officer, whose services we hope were not
needed the next morning

Ornithopters.

Not many people seemed to notice one of the specially interesting points raised by Herr Lippisch in his paper read before the Royal Aeronautical Society the other day. He mentioned that his observations with the smoke windtunnel had revealed the reason for the flexible trailing edges of birds' wings. It is connected with the necessity of obtaining practical simultaneous changes of incidence and lift. Herr Lippisch said that after this study he had immediately succeeded in building flying models with flapping aerofoils giving satisfactory performances.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 64 . 20 for 1124



A FAMOUS VARIETY AND FILM STAR WITH HIS NEW CAR George Formby, so well known to thousands of radio, variety, and film fans, is seen here with his new Lagonda with a special Sedanca body built by Young, of Bromley. This popular star is playing the lead in the new A.T.P. picture, Trouble Brewing, now being made at their studios at Ealing. As a side-line, George Formby is no mean performer on a horse, and was seen in the saddle last year riding a race or two at Northolt

Trades-Bicyclists.

S ever at this time of year, when many things are being bought and there is much delivery going on in the streets, I have been impressed by the bicycling bravura of the trades-boys. They are far more than the miracle riders of the music halls, far trickier than the trickiest trick cyclists. Swooping from a side street on the wrong side of the road they will manipulate and pedipulate a ramshackle machine with an immense and overloaded basket balanced on the handle-bars through the narrowest apertures between bumpers and bonnets. It is at once a horrifying and a stimulating spectacle—a testimony to the eternal daring of youth and a warning of the exiguousness of the margin between life and death on the roads to-day. If the local authorities did their duty, and if all the roads in the large cities were provided with non-skid surfaces—as they could be-the risks which these trades-boys run would be diminished one hundredfold; for their skill is undoubted and they are notoriously quick thinkers. But no skill and not the quickest thinking can compete with the kind of

slippery surface which is still to be found on many miles of the London and

other city roads.

When one of these bicycles moves from a nonskid section on to a slippery section—a thing which, in the ordinary course of delivery work, the trades-boy must do hundreds of times a daythe tyre adhesion may be suddenly so diminished that nothing he can do will keep his machine upright. If at that moment a motor vehicle is approaching, its tyre adhesion is equally diminished and nothing the driver can do will stop it in time. This is the kind of accident which must be happening every week in quantity. These boys-most of them of a really admirable cockney type—are subjected to these risks simply because the local authorities are too callous to see that the roads for which they are responsible are good roads.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Barrow Boys.

And while I am putting the case of the lowlier members of society, let me refer to the "barrow boys." They are being hounded about more and more by the police on the pretext that they are causing an obstruc-tion. And the threatened "no-waiting" regulations will take away their livelihood completely. Well, I must say this to the Minister of Transport the local authorities and the police; that no motorist is going to support the tyrannous attitude that has been adopted towards these humble street-traders on the grounds that they cause obstruction. Better by far to have obstruction and let people earn their modest living in peace than seek to check it in this way. And the Minister's action is doubly reprehensible in that these no-waiting regulations, as I have pointed out before, are simply a means for enabling the Minister to evade his real duty of building roads suited to present traffic needs or of seeing that the highway authorities build them.

I am a strong supporter of any man who seeks to earn his living honestly by simple trade, and I think that few things sponsored by the Ministry of Transport and the police have been more discreditable and, indeed, cruel than the way they have attacked the livelihood of these "barrow boys."

Monte Carlo.

January 21st is the day on which competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally are scheduled to arrive. At the time I am writing, when entries at single fees had closed, there were seventy, and the prospects were that there would be a total of about the same number as last year. British entries are good. I notice Lord Waleran, who did so well last year and obtained ninth place, down to drive a Humber. Then I see Sir Windham Carmichael Anstruther down to drive an S. S. Jaguar. Sir Windham will present another delicate problem of address to our French friends, for he rejoices in the of address to our French friends, for he rejoices in the position of Hereditary Carver to the Royal Household in Scotland. Other entries are by A. P. Good and J. E. P. Howey, who have Lagondas; A. Prieur and J. Jeanniot, who have a Rosengart; and M. Chatriot and P. Pastre, who have a Peugeot. The Athens starting-point gives, as usual, 500 marks. John o' Groats has 496. All classes have to keep a minimum average speed of 40 kilometres.

an hour, except on the last lap of the journey, begin-ning at Brussels, Ulm or Pau, according to the itinerary, when they have to keep to an average of 50 kilometres an hour. Competitors are forbidden to average more than 65 kilometres an hour between controls.

Balancing Tricks.

The Schrader people issue an exceedingly bright little "service news" in which the bathing-girl is so good-looking that readers must be glad the cold weather has not kept her away—or made her put on more clothes. This firm has also produced a little booklet giving a number of balancing tricks and, in conformity with my custom of saluting anything in the way of clever publicity, I mention it; but the thing I want to note in particular is the engine - driven tyre-



AN OCTOGENARIAN CELEBRATES HIS BIRTHDAY

Mr. W. L. Christie recently attained his eightieth birthday, which he celebrated with his family at Jervaulx Abbey, Ripon. Mr. Christie still hunts regularly with the Bedale

Seen in the above group are: (l. tor.) Miss Mary Christie, Mrs. Christie, Mr. Christie, Lady Mountgarret, Miss Joan Christie, and Mr. Hector Christie, who is now training for Lady Lindsay



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Wicklow; Major H. F. T. Aldous, R.E., second son of the late Mr. Hugh Graham Aldous and of Mrs. Aldous, of The Fort, Bury St. Edmunds, and Lesley Aldous, of The Fort, Bury St. Edmunds, and Lesley Maud Hamilton, only child of Mr. James Kershaw; Mr. R. W. R. Cust, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Mitford Cust and Mrs. Cust, of Danby Hall, Northallerton, and Mary, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Hutton Squire, of Holtby Hall, Leeming Bar, Yorkshire; Mr. C. A. McDowall, youngest son of the late Rev. S. A. McDowall, of Winchester College, and Mrs. McDowall, and Nancy Phyllida, youngest daughter of Sir Idwal and Lady Lloyd, Margaretta Alaughter of Sir Idwal and Lady Lloyd, Margaretta Ferrace, Chelsea, and lately of Rangoon, Burma; Mr. S. J. Adams, of Ropley House, Alresford, Hampshire, and Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W., and

WEDDINGS AND

Marrying This Week.

\[\int Ir. \] Brian Franks and Miss Zoe Marrying Tans.

Marrying Tans.

Tr. Brian Franks and Miss Zoe

Quilter are being married at St.

Clement Danes on January 5, and
another wedding on that day is that of
the Hon. A. H. P. Hore-Ruthven and
Miss Pamela Margaret Fletcher. This
will take place in Henry VII's Chapel,
Westminster Abbey. On the 7th Mr.
H. P. Stirling is marrying Miss Marietta
Mander at Tong

Mander at Tong Parish Church.

Recently

Engaged. Mr. J. Dron-field, elder son of the late Mr. M. H. Dronfield and of Mrs. Dronfield, Heather, Leicestershire, and Sheila Mary and Ross, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Williams, of Cahara, Greystones, Co



MISS A. P. PATTINSON

Who is to marry Captain F. W. Sandars, The Durham Light Infantry, the second son of Canon G. R. and Mrs. Sandars of Davenham Rectory, Cheshire. Miss Pattinson is the daughter of the late Captain H. L. Pattinson, The Royal Fusiliers, and Mrs. Pattinson, of Greywell, near Basingstoke

ENGAGEMENTS

Nesta Violet, widow of Sir Lingard Nesta Violet, widow of Sir Lingard Goulding, Bt., of Hillbrook, Castleknock, Dublin, and daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Wright and Mrs. Wright; Major R. W. Bovill, the Devonshire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bovill, of St. Mary's, Budleigh Salterton, and Elizabeth Burke, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Timins, Indexay, House, Bishon's Stortford: of Lindsay House, Bishop's Stortford;

Captain J. E. W Rance, M.C., late the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, eldest surviving son of the late Major George Rance, and of Mrs. Rance, Seascale, Cumberland. and Nora Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. L. Black and Mrs.



MISS F. H. RODERICK

Who is engaged to Mr. N. W. H. Gaydon, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gaydon of Hornsea House, Yorkshire. Miss Roderick is the third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Roderick of Newnham Cottage, Cambridge

Miss Roberts is the filled adapted of Newnham Mrs. H. B. Roderick of Newnham Cottage, Cambridge

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Roderick of Newnham Cottage, Cambridge

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Ni second daughter of the late Captain Clingan and of second daughter of the late Captain Clingan and of Mrs. Clingan, of Oldestairs, Kingsdown, Deal, Kent; Mr. P. D. Johnstone, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Johnstone, of White Croft, Esher, Surrey, and Enid Rosalind, younger daughter of the late Mr. H. A. G. Grant, of Bhagalpur, India, and of Mrs. Grant; Mr. E. Rawlinson, of Oxford, younger son of the late Mr. T. Rawlinson and Mrs. Rawlinson, of Haslingden. Lancs, and Margaret Irene, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Attwooll, of Woodstock Road, Oxford. Baron Dénes Kemény, son of the late Baron Pál Kemény, of Malomfalva, Transylvania, and Baroness Kemény, and Alison, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Burnett, of Powis, Aberdeen.







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Property of Mrs. Firbank

things are going well. The dog world passed through the crisis without panic almost—shows are doing well, there is a good demand for dogs and daily more people become interested in them. I should suggest that Grousers remember the song in that delightful play, Mrs. Wigs of the Cabbage Patch—"Count all your mercies over one by one and it will surprise you what the Lord hath done." A good New Year's resolution.

The Deerhound's original occurrent.

resolution.

The Deerhound's original occupation is gone, but he has found a new one—the ideal companion. Beautiful to look at, gentle, dignified and devoted, he takes kindly to house life and will curl up in a small space. Deerhounds are daily getting more popular as their character gets better known. Miss Hartley has a well-known kennel of Deerhounds. She sends a photograph of herself with hounds. She sends a photograph of herself with Arsaig (aged $10\frac{1}{2}$) and his son, Bracken (aged $2\frac{1}{2}$). Both are challenge-certificate winners and are hoth are challenge-certificate winners and are home bred. Bracken also was best Deerhound at Harrogate, and in addition to winning the certificate at Birmingham was reserve for the Brewers' Cup. Miss Hartley only keeps five adult hounds, so all have personal attention. At present there are some good youngsters for At present there are some good youngsters for sale, both sexes.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

the Kennel Club At the Remondarian, in a witty speech, made the following remark: Many friends have passed away, but one is always with us-Mr. Grouser." Never was a truer word. The Mr. Grousers predominate now, and one gets completely fed-up with them. Everything is wrong, and as for the international situation! If they only could realize how tiresome they are,

Though the Corgi has only been known outside his native Wales since the war, he has become immensely popular. He is wants—small, all one wants-small, hardy, short coated, and his intelligence is shown by the fact he does extremely well in obedi-ence trials. Corgis do not require training; you can show your Corgi yourself. Mrs. Firbank owns a well-known kennel of Corgis, which includes the famous obedience trial winners, Crawly Bread and Crawly Man Friday

She sends a photograph of a group, one or two of which are for sale. Mrs. Firbank is specially keen on soundness, and all her dogs lead healthy country lives. They have done extremely well at shows. Mrs. Firbank prefers black and tan but there are other colours for sale, of course

They can be seen by appointment.

The Maltese has the distinction of being the oldest pure-bred Toy breed; it was well known several centuries before the Christian era. Its type has hardly changed at all down the ages. It is a charmingly pretty little dog, and, despite its fragile appearance and long pedigree, is extremely intelligent, hardy and long lived. I had one for fourteen years and it never had a day's illness and was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever had. The Misses Neame have a famous kennel of Maltese. At the recent K.C. Show all the winning dogs except one were sired by Invicta dogs. The photograph is of Invicta Honeysuckle and her pupby Ch. Invicta Ambrose, who is now in Austra One of the pups is for sale.

MALTESE

Property of Miss Neame

The dogs thrive equally well in Australia. Sol Africa, Kenya, and in cold Sweden. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadn

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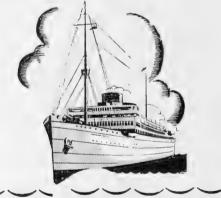
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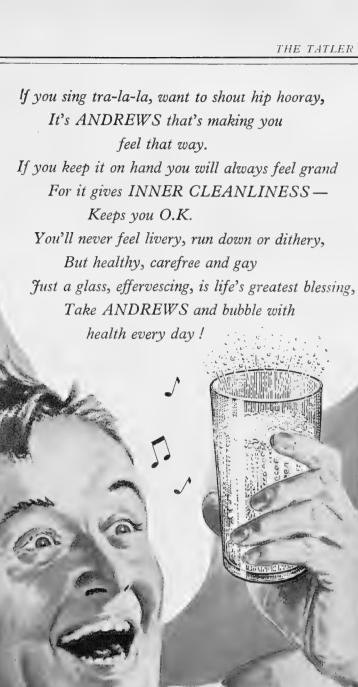




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The Highway of Fashion

By M & Brooke

when the sun will penetrate the clouds. Fortnum

and Mason, of Piccadilly, have contributed the tailored suits and coat seen on this page. The model on the right is made of a new material which suggests face-cloth. The skirt is plain, while the coat has a raised rib. This suit is made to measures for 15½ guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the tailoring and cut are perfect. The Balenciaga model is the same price; the check is a study in black and white. Patternals and the same price is the check is a study in black and white. in which these suits would look extremely well will be sent on application. Few women will be able to resist the charm of the fur coat. It is carried out in dyed shorn "mouton," and the price is 11 guineas; longer models are 18 guineas. Fortnum and Mason also have a limited number of coatees and abbreviated monastic capes in unusual furs at bargain prices

Pictures by Blake

business man's

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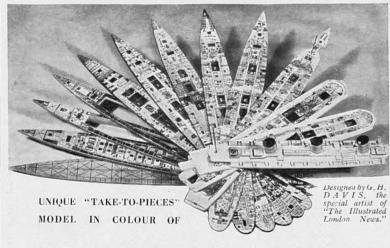
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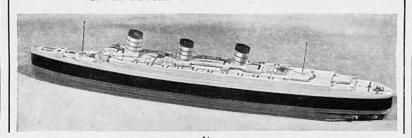


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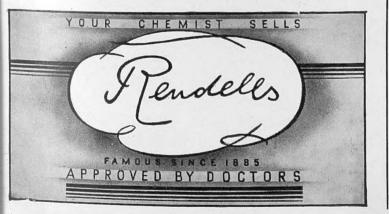
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